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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Mr. Stimson's First Job.....	637	What's the Next Word?.....	Thomas L. Masson 654
Week by Week	639	Poems.....	M. de Gracia Concepcion,
Riot and Symmetry	643	Dorothy Haight, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Sister M.	
What Has Been Done for Farming?.....		Madeleva, Charles A. Wagner, Kenneth Slade Alling	655
George E. Anderson	644	The Play.....	R. Dana Skinner 656
Ending the Legend of Versailles.....	John Carter 646	Communications	657
Father Monroe.....	Walter R. Hudson 648	Books.....	Ernest Brennecke, jr.,
Emancipation in Retrospect.....	Pierre Crabitès 650	William Franklin Sands, Sean O'Faolain, Morton	
Radio and the Language.....	Francis T. S. Powell 652	Dauwen Zabel, Catherine Radziwill, Edward A.	
Some Other Time (<i>verse</i>).....	Edwin Morgan 653	Fitzpatrick, Doris Cunningham, Katherine Brégy	660

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MR. STIMSON'S FIRST JOB

THE accession to office of a new Secretary of State coincides with an unusually critical moment in the progress of foreign affairs. Plunged once more into the chaos of a military revolution, Mexico challenges the rightness of the policy which governs her relations with the United States. What this challenge involves, and what it imperils, is obvious from basic facts easily enumerated. The Monroe Doctrine, or that international formula upon which "political control" of Latin America depends, has become in practice a method of financial supervision. But this method has failed to work in Mexico, despite the tireless efforts of Ambassador Morrow. It has not fortified the existing government against revolutionary opposition. Moreover, apart from one or two legalistic concessions, it has failed to modify that government itself, guilty of utterly indefensible conduct. That such a failure implies a commentary upon Monroe Doctrine procedure is apparent, and the world has observed it with the deepest interest.

Secondly, from the point of view of Mexican citizens themselves recent events have been almost appallingly disastrous. We need not restate here the data of social and economic deterioration. These are so

frighteningly self-evident that, regardless of the official silence maintained about them, almost every American has some idea of the magnitude of the catastrophe. What matters chiefly just now is a two-fold conclusion regarding them. Historically and actually the United States is at least partly responsible for conditions which attend the exercise of its financial hegemony. It cannot say that it will support a given régime in Mexico unless it is willing to become, at least in a measure, a party to what that régime accomplishes. On the other hand, citizens of the unfortunate country cannot seek a way out of their difficulties while Washington bars the road. There is no doubt that Secretary Kellogg, in one way or another, reckoned with both these conclusions; but for several reasons he was powerless to effect any change.

One of these reasons was undoubtedly the attitude of the Calles government toward religion. Regarding the various problems which spring from that attitude we have had something to say from time to time. It may be well to make one or two points clear at the present moment, because of greater public interest in the subject. To begin with, all talk of armed intervention as a way of securing justice for Mexican

Catholics was impolitic and indefensible, not merely because such a step would be gravely erroneous in itself, but also because it allied Catholic sympathy with the interventionist policy so palpably imperialistic in character and was wholly outside the realm of possibilities. We therefore sought to create an enlightened interest in the situation, hoping that discussion would awaken public opinion and so prepare the way for wise action. With this end in view, three things were attempted by the Calvert Associates. The first was to impress the United States with the importance to the world at large of the Mexican persecution, and here a remarkable statement from the reigning Holy Father seemed a powerful instrument. This attempt was virtually ignored by the press. Then an appeal was directed to the Association for the Rights of Religious Minorities, the personnel of which might have caused an investigation to be inaugurated. Many members of the Association were deeply interested, and it seemed for a time that something would be done. But for reasons which we believe we know—and which are intimately associated with the remarkable wave of prejudice which recently swept the country—the attempt ended in failure. Finally we pledged our faith to Ambassador Morrow when he left for Mexico City, saying that “being a man of marked intelligence,” he would not fail to see that continued injustice to Mexican Catholics would render impossible “any official settlement of the purely political and property problems.” This too, has failed, and with the failure has come a new collapse of the Mexican stage setting.

The Mexican Kulturkampf itself, deprived as its protagonists were of the force which lies either in the vote or in arms, has been no such challenge as the military revolt headed by General Escobar now constitutes. This cannot, however, be considered as in any way a movement of the people. The vast bulk of Mexico's population lives in the six central states east of and including Jalisco. Here the present revolt has obtained no foothold, its sole popular support being in Sonora. In fact, the battles now in progress are being fought by sections of the “revolutionary army” created by Obregon and Calles. To the great majority of sober Mexicans the sole important question now is, to what extent will one destroy the other? If the destruction proves to be complete, the power which the United States has supported will have collapsed; but in all probability this cannot happen until Calles is assassinated (as, regrettably enough, he will assuredly be) and a free-for-all ensues. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that the totally different revolt which has kept the government at bay in Jalisco during more than a year is a movement of the people, hostile to the “government of 1917” now in power. We know that the forces there—small but very effective—are commanded by General Goraztieta (whose name appears here for probably the first time in any United States journal) that it has the support of the citizenry of Jalisco and the neighboring state of Guanajuato, and

that it is primarily not a religious army but an army of opposition to the “revolutionary” program. This movement will grow as its resources and armament grow—and it is the only movement in Mexico to which Catholics can look for any measure of religious freedom.

It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Stimson must deal with certain facts: that the “revolutionary” forces—the powers established in 1917—are destroying one another, in a way that will lead to utter chaos if Calles falls; that neither side has the support of either the populace which hopes for a sound reform of its economic position or of the Catholic citizenry; that there is a genuine counter-action, based upon a program of opposition to the reigning social theories and enjoying a large measure of popular support; and that if things go on as they now go, the ultimate choice for Washington must be between intervention and complete retreat. Both would be calamitous from the United States point of view. Talk of intervention is increasing, however, and the State Department simply cannot let itself be forced into a corner where such chatter will appear speciously popular.

We therefore suggest that the time is ripe for energetic action. And we make bold to say that at least a few potentialities invite careful consideration. Can an effort be put forward to discern the real will of the Mexican people regarding their government? We realize that conferences called to discuss the same question were far from successful under Wilson. Today, however, many things have been forced upon the attention of even the most reluctant. The necessity for doing something genuine, something permanently valuable, in coöperation with the best elements of Mexican society is now so evident that pipe-dreams are likely to receive scant approval. We must eventually face the facts—and there are enough of them now to merit a good deal of scrutiny. Furthermore, since so much of what is occurring in Mexico has an ethnological explanation, to understand it requires the help of those who know this particular kind of civilization intimately. It seems, therefore, that the whole problem ought to become a topic for Pan-American discussion. What do the nations to the south of us think about it? How should the United States act, in their opinion? To propose these inquiries for discussion would be to recognize the indubitable circumstance that the Hispanic countries are out of their swaddling clothes—even though it might involve admitting, by implication, the truth that one reason why Mexico is less far advanced is United States policy.

No doubt the entire problem would be easier to discuss and settle if the Catholic Church were not involved. Important sections of the United States public do not hesitate to shut their eyes even now, and mumble the formula which an editorial in the *Christian Science Monitor* for March 20 restates as follows: “It is not a matter of denying ‘religious liberty’ to the individual, but of curtailing non-religious activi-

ties of the priests." And it follows that since these "activities" ought to be curtailed, any power which does the trick deserves support. We are too cynical to demand that any liberty-loving American rise to protest indignantly against the spoliation of the freedom of Mexican Catholics. But if there be any man who wishes to adjudge the problem sanely and fairly, we suggest he may do two things: first, read over at his leisure the provisions of the 1917 constitution, enforced by Calles, and see whether in his opinion these things—usurpation of all church property by the government, limitation of the number of priests to a total far below any conceivably semi-adequate group, denial of the right to give instruction in religious doctrine or to do corporate works of mercy, and disenfranchisement of the clergy—are identical in his mind with liberty of conscience; secondly, enumerate any facts more recent than the inauguration of the Diaz régime which would tend to prove that the clergy had enjoyed any political influence in Mexico. And when he has done these things, let him demand of himself whether the "destruction of the Catholic menace in Mexico" is really a decent excuse for the murder and despoiling of a people.

The religious problem in Mexico is not an independent situation. We ask nothing more for it than that the real citizens of the country be empowered to say what they wish to do about it. Such a wish can be expressed neither under the tyranny of an armed dictator, battling against unceasing foes, nor under any scheme of intervention. Its utterance depends, like any other free decision, upon untrammelled public authority. Settle the social and political storms that have raged in Mexico, and the religious persecution of Mexico will automatically subside. With these remarks we extend our compliments to Mr. Stimson.

WEEK BY WEEK

FOR years financial circles have witnessed no excitement comparable to that of the past week, when the Federal Reserve Bank virtually opposed itself in order to maintain prices in the stock market. Whether one agrees with Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, who offered \$25,000,000 of the funds of the National City Bank to harried speculators, depends entirely upon the point of view taken. It is undoubtedly true that, being an officer in the Federal Reserve system, he was technically bound by the conditions therein established. By his action he stamped himself a rebel, and of course he staked all upon the righteousness of his revolution. If he was correct in analyzing the situation and deciding to act, all of us (including Senator Glass, his foremost opponent) are indebted to him. The basic facts are these: speculation had bid up the prices of securities by borrowing money to open marginal accounts; since this money is loaned at a very attrac-

tive rate, funds are withdrawn from general circulation with the result that industry and commerce as such are handicapped; and out of the whole complex there emerges a tremendous credit balance dangerous to banking. In its endeavor to remedy the situation thus created, the Federal Reserve Board not only advanced the call-loan rate to 20 percent but gave the impression that the amount of cash available was limited. Stocks immediately fell with a heavy thud—and then Mr. Mitchell headed a procession of rescuing bankers, steadied the market, and even brought the rate down to 8 percent.

THIS anarchical action has obviously had no effect upon the facts outlined above. For months Mr. Mitchell himself, together with almost all other bankers, has been pointing out the folly of speculative gambling. Purchasers of securities are, it is said, "not sane" if they put only a little actual money into the paper they buy. The plain truth of the matter is, however, that recent months of "insanity" have driven stock prices away beyond the zenith and have thereby created "values" which not many wish to see disappear. And if last week's incipient panic had not been halted, we might have heard the rumble and roar of genuine financial disaster. What is wanted is some method of keeping prices near their levels while at the same time stopping further speculation, or at least some method of effecting a gradual decline. A sudden collapse would drive down the figures at which all commodities are sold and might send the whole credit system galley west. Mr. Mitchell's action is, therefore, to be adjudged as a "temporary expedient" employed to offset the effects of too drastic a cure. But what has happened to that cure? Or can anything else be done—for appeals to the "sanity" of speculators are normally futile—about the problem? So far nobody has advanced satisfactory answers to these more than usually important queries.

THAT notable obstructionist, Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California, has joined his colleague, Mr. Borah, in opening his guns on the Root plan for bringing the United States into the World Court. For him, the same old dangers which he enumerated so vehemently and eloquently during his war on the League of Nations, lurk in our participation without full acceptance of Reservation 5, which he helped to frame. Under the Root formula he is convinced that this country would imperil its "freedom of action . . . endanger our own safety . . . make it impossible to play our independent rôle, in which, and only in which, we can do the good that all of us would wish to do." Though lacking in sympathy with such alarums, we admit the justice of his argument that, once in the World Court, it will be an extremely difficult if not impossible undertaking for the United States to withdraw. The Root formula permits with-

The Sky's
the Limit

Johnson to
the Rescue

drawal as a loophole when the country objects to an advisory opinion, but Mr. Johnson rightly feels that such withdrawal will be encountered by "a storm of protest all over the world." But he falls into a serious fallacy when he bases this prophecy on the belief that the world wants us as members of the court so that we can be made victims of the malice, jealousy and hatred of other nations. There is definite idealism but simultaneously there is unquestionable practicality in coöperative alignment. From both the idealistic and the practical standpoints, the world asks, giving every inducement possible, that the United States lend itself to an institution which can do the greatest good for international amity and justice.

A HUNDRED years from now historians of the noble experiment may trace its final collapse to any one of a number of incidents happening on all sides of us, or to any combination of these; indeed, it may seem to them, in the perspective of time, that indignation followed directly and inevitably.

Uplift in
Aurora

But to us, on the ground, that wrath seems long in gathering. And sometimes we are impatient enough to feel that continued toleration of this pointless tragedy indicates a softening of the spirit in the United States which is about the saddest thing that modern history can record. It does not seem possible, for instance, that the men of half a century ago would not have been roused to effective action by such a scene as was played in Aurora, Illinois, last week, when Mrs. Lillian De King was killed by prohibition officers who had already clubbed her husband into unconsciousness. She was killed, apparently, because the six fully armed raiders became panicky as she leaned over the prostrate form of her husband—became afraid that she might be searching for a gun. No doubt the honest gentlemen who represent the Anti-saloon League in our Congress and our legislatures will consider that the incident was both closed and justified by the finding and confiscation of one gallon of wine in the De King home. But when we remember that the incident is not unique, that innocents, including children, have been killed before this by prohibition agents on no more provocation than existed in Aurora, we are sure that the accumulation of charges will one day force a reckoning upon the gentlemen which will remind them of the nature of democracy.

ALTHOUGH we entertain the hope that the agenda of the coming special session of Congress will be kept to the minimum, the proposed Cabinet bill to be introduced by Representative Kelly of Pennsylvania has our hearty endorsement. What he seeks to have enacted is a measure giving Cabinet members the right to participate in debate at sessions of the Senate and House when matters affecting their respective departments are under consideration. This

proposal is so sensible that little reason for opposition to it can be advanced. The President, unless he has privately reversed his opinion of 1922, is in favor of a plan that admits of no fundamental criticism "except by those who would deliberately exaggerate it as an attempt to establish a form of parliamentary government." There is no danger that this fear is substantiated, since the essence of parliamentary government is its ability to meet the will of the people by sponsoring legislation which coincides with a parliamentary majority. It cannot follow in this country, as it does in England, that the rejection by the legislative of a measure advocated by the executive department would ipso facto cause the overthrow of the administration. Increased understanding between the two branches, a more direct approach to problems of law enforcement, budget-making and international policy, and elimination of much of the haphazard in legislation would indubitably result. Congress has recognized the need of frequent consultation with and examination of Cabinet members; and if they are permitted to advocate departmental projects on the floor of the Senate and House, the same results can be achieved far more easily.

ALL the myriad hopes once identified with woman suffrage are pitilessly stabbed and smothered in chloroform by Anna Steese Richardson, writing in the current Harper's Magazine. As an active Republican campaign worker, she may have been too close to no man's land to see the whole thing in that perspective which is dictated by resignation, but there is enough solid truth in her remarks to shock us all. "They (the women) not only injected a religious issue into the campaign," we are told, "but they raised it, with prohibition, to a major position completely ignoring the possible effect of such action upon their candidate." And sometimes the raising was also hair-raising, as witness the following incident: "At a luncheon for outstanding business women a young woman exclaimed, 'If Al Smith is elected, someone should do away with him, and I for one would do my part in executing the plan.' It was indicative of the surging emotions of the campaign that this violent remark passed without comment from the other women at the table." And not the least explosive members of the sex were the ordinarily tranquil stay-at-homes, who read their pet prejudices into their civic activities without even so much as a twinkle of hesitation being apparent.

HOW shall one account for this emotional furore? Mrs. Richardson offers one suggestion, which needs to be investigated further. Feminine instincts were, during many decades of American life, held in restraint. "The world war released these instincts and unleashed emotions. Then the sudden cessation of hostilities drove women back into the home, the club,

the church. Such interests no longer satisfied them. They had been given the franchise, but it lacked the emotional appeal of war service. The 1928 campaign offered fresh escape from boredom, and women seized upon it with avidity." The comparison here suggested is undoubtedly the right one. No one who recalls the "frenzied female" of intra-bellum days, eager to believe that German generals had tortured every child in Belgium and that German aviators had instructions to drop no bombs until directly above an orphanage, will understand the malicious meanness, the tigery cat-tishness, of politics in the season just ended. This is, of course, regrettable primarily because of the slur it inevitably casts upon excellent women voters and upon millions of normal wives, mothers and workers.

ANYONE who believes that the prohibition law has made progress in popular esteem during the past year should try to explain the sympathy expressed on many sides for the skipper and crew of the British rum runner I'm Alone. For here is an incident in which all sentiment should be on the side of the law. Preliminary investigations seem to indicate that, in the pursuit and sinking of the I'm Alone, the coast-guard patrol boat Dexter was doing its duty without illegal assumption of power. Certainly the rum runner, in carrying false clearance papers, and in refusing to submit to search, was its just prey. Yet there have been no cheers for the Dexter; no response to the thrilling scene described in Secretary Mellon's statement, where the skipper of the I'm Alone is pictured as waving his pistol "in a threatening manner." If the men who braved this threat have not yet been proclaimed as heroes, it can be only because they were interfering, as Mr. Will Rogers puts it, "with the import of a national commodity, and hitting at the very vitals of our existence."

NOW had the I'm Alone's cargo consisted of nothing but narcotics or aliens for smuggling into the country, one can imagine what a warm reception New Orleans would have given the crew of the Dexter, and how quickly its captain would have been asked to sign a testimonial for tobacco. The supposition that his name would have been celebrated throughout the land is strengthened by the judgment of Congressman Fish, who has said that if, as rumored, the I'm Alone carried some drugs in addition to liquor, "it would not have been too harsh a treatment to have sunk the ship with the crew, for people who smuggle narcotics are human fiends and should be classed with murderers." But it is obvious that neither Mr. Fish nor any other sensible person thinks so harshly of men who violate the liquor law. If they did, with what devastating laughter the country would have received the British protests, which, rather intricately compounded, seem to mean that while the Dexter may or may not have broken the letter of the treaty, it certainly dispensed

with that spirit of international courtesy under which rights covered by treaties are not pushed to the ultimate limit; that even though the Dexter was within the law, it was not handsomely within. Our response to this has been almost that of boys who have been reproached gently for a mischief, and are hoping that there will be no further reprimand.

WHEN the President issued the proclamation putting into mandatory operation the national origins quotas of the immigration act, he did so with the statement that he was actuated merely by a sense of duty. He left little doubt that he would like a repeal of the act. Should Congress ignore the problem of introducing new legislation during the forthcoming session, it can simplify matters by an agreement to postpone for another year the operation of the present provision. The main objection to the national origins act, aside from questions of feasibility, is that it beclouds the very situation it was designed to help. It is far more productive of bad feeling since it is much more discriminatory than the acts which have preceded it. Immigration is a delicate problem and should not be bungled even for the short space of six months. Nor should it be dealt with by sumptuary enactments which are not sufficiently flexible to allow of exceptions dictated by humanity and common sense. Some latitude in the workings of any quota should be allowed the enforcement department, and the near-scandals of Ellis Island, if not eliminated by legislation, should be put squarely up to those responsible.

WITH Mr. Villard of the Nation, it was enough to tell the Institute of Statesmanship recently held in Florida under the auspices of Rollins College that men must have freedom to explore and investigate in order "to learn the necessity of human liberty." But Professor Dickinson of Princeton went farther. He told the Institute where such freedom is tolerated and encouraged. It is in the South. We wonder whether it was not simply a courteous desire to repay hospitality which impelled Professor Dickinson to say that "the core of traditional liberty in the United States has been in the southern democracy." Perhaps he made a silent reservation that his compliment should not be applied too closely to modern times. Or perhaps he had forgotten, among other things, where the Ku Klux Klan was born. Did he recall the heroic stand for constitutional liberties taken by Virginia, South Carolina and Florida during the last presidential election? Did he think of the southern editors, preachers and judges who are saying that they will form a new party, or (last resort) turn Republican if necessary to fight effectively against legislative changes which would give to each state the right to interpret the Eighteenth Amendment for itself? We should like to know the answers. And we should

also like to know what passed through the mind of Mr. Villard as he heard Professor Dickinson bound the home of freedom.

"WHEN cigar shops deal in hats then I'll forget you," might have been the refrain of a popular song asserting the ultimate in fidelity fifty years ago. If our ancestors did not dream of wireless communication, neither, we can safely assume, did they look forward with any confidence to a time when bakeries would be selling tobacco, and hardware stores would offer books, musical instruments and toilet articles in addition to their customary wares. But all these things are now being done, not in isolated instances but in a rather general way, as the Census of Distribution recently conducted by the United States Chamber of Commerce demonstrated. Of course it is a development of the chain store idea: whenever a wall-paper chain and a shoe-repairing chain come under one management, each makes its influence felt, in some degree, upon the other. The idea itself has been under fire for some time, and no less than fifteen states are now considering regulation of the development in "horizontal combinations." At the same time the Federal Trade Commission is beginning investigations to determine two things: whether the anti-trust laws are being violated, and whether the system actually saves money for the consumer. At present it is doubtful whether the answer to either will be unfavorable to the chain stores, but twenty years from now there may be a different story to tell. Almost all observers are agreed that, except in a limited way, the day of the independent merchant is over, and the time for super-systems which will smooth out competition between the chains themselves is not very far distant.

THE housewife—despite current objection to the designation, she does exist—has been adopted by many agencies eager to advise and help her in the problems of home-making and home-keeping. The most recent aid comes from the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs which has opened the Home-Making Centre in New York City, said to be the first permanent institution to be established in this country by a non-commercial organization. In a city where numerous department stores have complete exhibits that parallel those at the new centre, such an undertaking may not attain its maximum usefulness; but the idea is one which invites duplication by women's clubs elsewhere. New inventions have done a great deal to emancipate women from the most onerous of home duties, but their use has been somewhat retarded by lack of information. What is more important than the widespread adoption of time-saving devices, however, is the stimulation of an idea of home, not as a place giving the minimum of care

with the maximum of comfort but as a place loved for itself. There is sufficient justification in the amusing verse "some have homes, but most go out" to warrant consideration of that phase of modern life which reduces the functions of the home to those of a dormitory. "The home beautiful" has come to be an accepted phrase, but unless it connotes a place of spiritual as well as sensory value it must fail in the achievement of the ultimate end of home.

THE old gods of the Nile must be looking with favor on the early success of Dr. C. J. Hedley-Thornton's corporation for the manufacture of artificial cotton from the root of a fibrous plant. In the development of this new process is at least a hope that there may be no large extensions to the cotton plantations already in the Sudan; no further irrigation, therefore, drawing water from the upper Nile, and raising the possibility of serious droughts to the fertile lower valley. Although Dr. Hedley-Thornton was reported in December as on his way to Egypt to confer with growers regarding production of the fibre root, it is now announced that arrangements have been completed for growing the plant in five European countries. More than a million pounds of the substitute have already been ordered, part of this by American buyers. In these and similar reports which have come over to this side of the water, there seems to be some reason for anticipating a check to the demand of English mills for empire-grown cotton. Surely this would occasion no sorrow in Egypt.

WITH all the appearances of sadness, the Christian Science Parent Church (not to be confused with the Mother Church of Boston) has withdrawn its faith in the originality, even in the integrity, of Mary Baker Eddy. Pointing to examples of plagiarism in the works of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the offshoot organization, Mrs. Annie C. Bill, calls upon its members to "repudiate this sin which has obstructed the light of thousands of honest, sincere seekers." Mrs. Bill is still ardent for the truth disclosed in Science and Health, although her estimate of the "human channel was mistaken"—it was Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel and Hugh Blair who revealed it, not Mrs. Eddy. In all seriousness, we believe that Mrs. Bill's language is too harsh. After all, there is no basis for assuming that Mrs. Eddy consciously and deliberately composed by plagiarizing. It is not unlikely that if she had copied the now condemned passages directly from the texts in which they first appeared, she would have given credit to the authors, since the invocation of such respected names would only have bolstered her argument. The best-intentioned among us will occasionally mistake for his own a phrase which he has read. If Mrs. Eddy did this more than occasionally, the explanation is that she was primarily a

"doer"—an organizer of great personal and emotional force, but with little real capacity for thinking, and only a haphazard discipline in the methods of philosophy and literature.

SEÑOR ZACCHINI, Peruvian acrobat, came to the vicar of Notre Dame de Paris recently with a wholly sound if unusual request. A man so skilled in the art of breath-taking feats might have asked for a job repairing the gargoyles, or cleaning cobwebs from the furthestmost nooks of the nave. Or indeed, after the manner of his profession when evil days happen along, he might simply have invited himself to dinner with an ingratiating smile. But Señor Zacchini's heart was not set upon any of these things. What he wanted was a blessing upon a weird contrivance—nothing less than a "cannon" from which he is wont to hurl himself into a net 100 meters away. Upon this he had bestowed considerable personal affection and care, to all of which the Church might not unreasonably be importuned to ask a blessing. The vicar, having ransacked ritual for an appropriate prayer, agreed. Then the Señor, having brought his apparatus to the portals of Notre Dame, knelt in satisfaction while a crowd looked on. We believe the Lord smiled benevolently upon a device calculated to earn food and shelter for a worthy man, and not without its charms for a crowd which spends half a sou on a handsome holiday.

RIOT AND SYMMETRY

WHEN the history of art in the twentieth century comes to be written, it should contain no indictment of the years of the third decade on the ground that they gave no encouragement to "modernistic" forms. Indeed the innovators have received an attention that is flattering and a consideration that is necessary, practical and advantageous. The artist adhering to traditional standards has paused before the works of the rebels and measured their right to be, with a dispassionateness which is, at the least, generous since all that he represents has so frequently been destructively condemned by the new workers. It must be recorded, too, that the traditional artist has seen more good in them than they have permitted themselves publicly to see in the forms that the world has known since Phidias, Praxiteles, Sophocles and Homer.

The rebellion against traditional form is not an original rebellion. What is going on today in the field of painting, sculpture, architecture, music and every art of design, is merely a repetition of what has occurred many times in the past. The movements against the traditional can only be measured in relation to their ability to become traditional in the future. That many of these movements have been successful in creating a place for themselves in the world of art is evident from the heritages left by Wagner, Goya,

Chippendale, Poe and, perhaps, Amy Lowell. But if the visitor to the exhibition of American industrial decoration at the Metropolitan Museum of Art would turn aside into an adjacent gallery he would see how at least one of these rebellions failed. It would be well for those who are represented in this exhibit, which is devoted to "the architect and industrial arts," and those multifarious aspirants who displayed their product at the recent show of the Independent Artists, to make that little digression. They would see a cabinet which was designed by William Morris and painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Both were prominent in their respective fields but their departure from tradition succeeded merely in creating a certain curiosity. This is the destined limbo, the inevitable end, of the solely spectacular and grotesque in art; it is in the salutary fear of this that the modern creator, most notably he, should work.

The desire to interpret the twentieth century—a desire which is potent today—underlies both the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum and that of the Independent Artists. One can better appraise the accuracy with which these artists have expressed the spirit of the age when one knows with sureness what the spirit of the age is. There are those who would agree that the age is a pageant of the jazz-mad, the bizarre, the unrelated. Eugene O'Neill, on the other hand, and most of the contributors to the Metropolitan exhibition, would have us believe that this is the machine age, and that art must interpret it on that basis. Again, the whole school which can be roughly grouped under the title of "impressionistic" is actuated by the conviction that this is the age of suggestion and that what is explicit in art ceases, by so much, to be art. Be that as it may, in many cases the trumpeting artist has deliberately or unconsciously set about his work by first throwing overboard the bulk of what acknowledged masters in the field can teach him. Such action has disregarded the fact that any glory which adheres to the present century is based on the experience and accumulation of the past. It has replaced the beauty of symmetry with a mere riot of imagination which, however it may be harnessed to freer standards, appears primarily and distractingly as undisciplined. It has substituted the bizarre for the beautiful. It has abandoned a proven philosophy of art to embrace a philosophy that is only too apt to lead to chaos.

In this wild conflict of underlying purpose and principle, the true artist must fight for the preservation of the essential meaning of art—the creation of beauty. He can wander down any avenue of change. He can believe, as George Gray Barnard, that light is the medium through which all art must be considered; he can interpret whatever he is inspired to interpret; he can be practical and utilitarian; he can have any latitude radicalism demands—but he must end with the production of beauty conceived as the creator of noble emotion.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR FARMING?

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

IN THE decade and a half since Woodrow Wilson came into the Presidency, well toward two score acts of Congress have been passed which have had a more or less direct effect upon agricultural betterment. It is true that what has been accomplished so far in the way of important relief has been confined largely to the matter of cheap credit on the one hand and improved marketing facilities through coöperation on the other, and that in the latter the initiative, from the nature of the case, has come largely from the farmer himself. The major attempts to afford that larger relief which has been proposed in such measures as the McNary-Haugen bill have failed chiefly because the farming interests, as well as the economists of the country, have been unable to agree upon the form of such relief. However, it is rather unfair to assume that Congress and the government generally, without respect to partizanship, have failed utterly in the attempts to deal with the problem. Much has been accomplished, and when the special session takes up the problem it will inevitably borrow from recent discussion of possible methods of relief.

In the matter of aid for the farmers of the United States there is first of all the tariff. While much has been said as to the need of higher rates on agricultural imports, the fact remains that in a general way the American farmer has full protection against foreign competition in the markets of his own country. This protection, in practical effect at least, has been favored by both of the great political parties—more especially, perhaps, by the high tariff party, but nevertheless it is well enough accepted generally to afford little room for argument. What has troubled the American farmer has not been any serious inroad upon his home market by foreign agricultural products, but the difficulty of disposing of his exportable surplus at a price which will represent a profit over his cost of production—or at least will not represent a loss. His problem has been one of reducing his cost of production and of marketing his products at a maximum advantage. This, of course, involves such subsidiary matters as freight rates and transportation facilities, the elimination of middlemen, the cost of supplies and all other factors that increase the difference between what the consumer pays and what the farmer receives for his products. Assuming that the protection of his products in his home markets is adequate, which certainly is the case with the vast majority of products,

Congress, assembled to deal effectively with farm problems, cannot hope to find and advance an entirely new plan of relief. During the past years discussion has traced the directions in which, broadly speaking, reform must proceed. In the following paper Mr. Anderson analyzes what has been done for agriculture by the federal government in the past. He devotes particular attention to rural banking and finance, which are not so much talked of at the present moment as certain other matters but which remain nevertheless of primary importance.—The Editors.

farm relief has been accomplished chiefly by cheap credit, which has been arranged by the government, and by coöperative associations which have been formed by the farmers themselves with the advice, assistance and legislative favor of both the national and state governments.

The matter of improved credit conditions has been brought about chiefly by the establishment of the farm loan bank system, which was inaugurated ten years ago under Democratic administration and has been augmented and built up under Republican administration. There have been no partizan politics in it from the beginning. The Farm Loan Bank system of the country includes the chain of twelve Federal Farm Loan Banks established in the twelve districts into which the country has been divided for the purpose, and also the system of Joint Stock Land Banks which have been established in the chief agricultural districts to the total number of eighty-three but which by consolidations, liquidations, sales and otherwise, have been reduced to the net number of fifty-four.

The capital of the Federal Farm Loan Banks in the first place was subscribed partly by the government and partly by private interests. That subscribed by the government has practically all been repaid. The capital of the Joint Stock Land Banks was subscribed wholly by private interests. The systems operate much upon the same principle. They are authorized to issue bonds within certain limits fixed by law. The proceeds of bonds sold the investing public are loaned to farmers upon farm mortgages and these farm mortgages, directly or indirectly, become the basis for further issues of bonds whose proceeds are loaned, and so on. In other words, the farmer secures funds for his capital needs upon the basis of long-term bond issues which have a special marketability. The bonds issued by the two sorts of institutions in the joint system are income-tax free. Those issued by the Federal Land Banks are supported by a double liability of the stockholders and by the joint liability of all the twelve banks in the system. Those issued by the Joint Stock Land Banks are supported by a double liability of the stockholders.

The result of these facilities and credit conditions has been that the bonds of the Federal Land Banks in the past year have been selling at from 4 percent to 4¼ percent, and since, under the law, the spread between the interest rate paid on the bonds and that charged farmer-borrowers is not to exceed 1 percent,

the farmers of the United States during the past year—when manufacturing industries and other lines of business have been paying from 6 percent upward for credit—have been securing long-term amortization loans at from 5 percent to $5\frac{1}{4}$ percent. The most recent issue of Federal Farm Loan bonds has been sold at interest rates below 4 percent, and since it has been found that a bank of this sort in good condition and doing over \$100,000,000 business annually, as quite a number of them now do, can operate on a spread of less than 1 percent, it is possible for the American farmer to borrow money on his farm for 5 percent or less, including amortization. The Joint Stock Land Banks have not been able to equal the low rates of the Federal Land Banks, but they have been able to sell bonds of various banks in the system, each issuing bonds upon its own responsibility, at rates ranging from $4\frac{1}{4}$ percent to 5 percent corresponding rates to farmer-borrowers.

In 1923 the government established twelve Intermediate Credit Banks to provide credit on loans running from six months to three years, to be secured by farm products pledged for the purpose, the idea being to afford the farmer help between the long-term capital farm mortgage loans and ordinary short-term commercial credit furnished by ordinary banks. It was provided that this credit should be extended through coöperative associations which are able to borrow direct from the bank upon warehouse receipts and similar collateral, but it was also provided that such banks could rediscount paper for other banks and loan institutions where the proceeds of loans in the first place had been used for agricultural purposes.

These Farm Loan Banks have done an impressive business. In the ten years of the operation of the dual system of land banks, a total of 573,687 loans were placed—117,651 by the Joint Stock Banks and 456,036 by the Federal Land Banks—involving total loans to the amount of \$2,271,041,635. Of this, total loans to the amount of \$1,825,441,964—\$1,155,643,871 by the Federal Land Banks and \$669,798,093 by the Joint Stock Banks—were in force on December 31, 1927. However striking this total may be, nevertheless, it is only about 15 percent of the total farm mortgage loans in force in the United States. The significance of the figures lies, rather, in the interest rates; for they have revolutionized the entire farm mortgage loan business of the nation. Farm mortgage loan companies, insurance companies, investment trusts, and all the various loaning agencies in the United States doing a farm-mortgage loan business have naturally been compelled to meet the competition of these government-sponsored banks, the result being that, whereas formerly in many of the southern and western states, farmers were compelled to pay 7, 8 and even 10 percent, and more or less liberal commissions for their loans and frequent renewals, they are now able to secure such loans with thirty years' amortization for 5 percent. Farmers who formerly paid 7, 8 or even

10 percent for loans to carry crops from season to season, where they could get them at all, can now secure such funds through coöperative associations for $4\frac{1}{2}$ percent or through rediscount agencies for around $5\frac{1}{2}$ percent to $6\frac{1}{2}$ percent. In short, the American farmer today secures credit to the full volume of his needs—and perhaps more—at rates from 20 to 30 percent less than any other line of industry. This is real and eminently practical relief.

The second substantial advance in agricultural economic betterment has been in the increasing number of coöperative associations formed by farmers for the purchase of supplies and especially for the marketing of crops. It is impossible within the limits of an article of this nature to go into the nature and scope of these organizations. The statistics of the Department of Agriculture show that there are in active operation in this country something over 12,500 farmer coöperative associations. In 1927 about 150 of these organizations did a business exceeding \$1,000,000 each. Some did business in excess of \$50,000,000 last year.

The government has had no other part in the organization of these associations than that of using its good offices to further them and guide them by collating all the data available on the subject and spreading the gospel of coöperation and coördination. The organizations themselves are spreading the movement by teaching the principles of coöperation in rural schools and at farmers' institutes. Some of them maintain considerable research organizations for the purpose of studying marketing problems. The government itself is giving direct and material aid in its research work along these lines, in the way of studies of the concrete and direct problems affecting any branch of agriculture in any particular community or commodity. Its market news, its inspection services, its extension and educational work, are at the service of these organizations.

In many other ways the government is giving special aid to agriculture. The entire foreign trade extension service of the United States is at all times largely occupied with agricultural exports and the problems relating to them. No legislation passes Congress in which the tender susceptibilities of the farming interests are not given special consideration by a large, almost dominating proportion, of the nation's legislators. There is no disposition to urge these accomplishments in behalf of the farmer or by the farmer himself as entirely adequate to meet his present needs. All authorities seem to agree that there is still an actual, pressing and eminently important farm relief problem that must be solved before the economic position of the United States can be said to be at all satisfactory. The point now made is that the American people and their government, no matter what may be the color of the administration at the time, have been and still are altogether in sympathy with the farmer in his problem, and are disposed to do everything in their power to aid in their solution.

ENDING THE LEGEND OF VERSAILLES

By JOHN CARTER

IT TOOK the world just about ten years to get away from the original idea of Germany's sole responsibility for the catastrophe of 1914. The war-guilt legend died hard and there are still embattled publicists who subscribe to what has been termed "the Sunday school story" of the causes of the world war, namely that four good little boys—England, France, Russia and Belgium—were on their way to Sunday school with their hymn-books under their arms, when they were suddenly attacked by a great big wicked bully named Germany. Nevertheless, sanity has begun to suggest that it takes two to make a quarrel.

Now, ten years after the signature of the treaty of Versailles, the end of the legend of peace-guilt begins to appear possible. There have been many versions of this legend, but the one most commonly accepted here is that President Wilson, an impractical visionary, was lured into a friendly game of cards with three notorious sharpers named Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Sonnino, and left the room in a barrel, stripped of his last ideal.

To those who are familiar with the facts there has always been something humiliating about this version of what really happened at Paris. The notion that the President of the United States was an unworldly fool or an unsuspecting idealist who was easy prey for the astute diplomatists of Europe has not been altogether flattering to the nation which he represented. A series of blows have been dealt to this legend, one of the most powerful of which is Professor Seymour's narrative of *The Private Papers of Colonel House*. Now comes a knock-out from the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, the versatile and ebullient Mr. Churchill.

In his latest edition of his own contribution to British history,* Winston Churchill heaps ridicule on the legend of Wilsonian incompetence and handles his biographer, Ray Stannard Baker, pretty roughly. But few will take offense at the British politician's demolition of the "Sunday school story" of the peace, and many will sympathize with him when he complains that

the President is represented as a stainless Sir Galahad championing the superior ideals of the American people and brought to infinite distress by contact with the awful depravity of Europe and its statesmen. . . . It is nothing less and nothing more than the conflict between good and evil, between spiritual conceptions and material appetites, between generosity and greed, between moral earnestness and underhand intrigue, between human sympathy and callous selfishness. . . .

On the one hand, one hundred million strong, stood the young American democracy. On the other cowered furtively, but at the same time obstinately, and even truculently, the old European diplomacy. Here young, healthy, hearty, ardent millions advancing so hopefully to reform mankind. There, shrinking from the limelight, cameras and cinemas, huddled the crafty, cunning, intriguing, high-collared, gold-laced diplomatists. Tableau!

Such a picture was unjust both to Europe and to America. The real conflicts of the Peace Conference derived from the embittered electorates of the Allied countries, from the England which demanded that the Germans be "squeezed till the pips squeak," from the France which wanted revenge and security at any price, from the Italy which turned savagely against President Wilson when he opposed Sonnino on the Fiume question. The statesmen were far wiser and more humane than the peoples they represented, as Mr. Churchill neatly demonstrates, by proving that a memorandum breathing consideration and generosity to the foe, which Mr. Baker had attributed to General Bliss, was in fact the work of Mr. Lloyd George. President Wilson labored under the double disadvantage of having over-estimated American disinterestedness and of having under-estimated the strength of the union between governments and peoples in Europe. "It is difficult for a man to do great things if he tries to combine a lambent human charity embracing the whole world with the sharper forms of populist party strife," is Churchill's explanation of the Wilsonian dilemma. But so far as his "impracticality" is concerned, there was nothing in that, according to the British statesman:

He was a good friend, not only to the Allies but to Europe. He faced the real facts as he gradually got to know them, not only with lofty idealism but with sympathy and common sense. The part he played in the making of the treaties was marked by the strictest loyalty and good faith; and the last remnants of his life and strength were freely expended in trying to make good the obligations into which he had entered and to which he had pledged his country.

The truth was, as we now know, that President Wilson had assumed for the United States obligations which it did not wish to assume. His appeal for a Democratic Congress in 1918 and the subsequent quarrel with the Senate were only incidental. Had the treaty been ratified, there is every reason to believe that the United States would subsequently have reverted to its traditional policy of diplomatic dissociation from European affairs.

And it is on precisely this point that Mr. Churchill inadvertently bumps into the other legend of Ver-

* *The Aftermath: 1918-1928*, by Winston Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

sailles, the theory that America betrayed the Allies. Three revealing passages demonstrate how imperfectly the falsity of this legend is still appreciated in official circles on the continent. In the first place, as Mr. Churchill points out:

After immense delays and false hopes that only aggravated her difficulties, Europe was to be left to scramble out of the world disaster as best she could; and the United States, which had lost but 125,000 lives in the whole struggle, was to settle down upon the basis of receiving through one channel or another four-fifths of the reparations paid by Germany to the countries she had devastated or whose manhood she had slain.

But—

There were from the very beginning serious doubts about the credentials of President Wilson (among the Allies). . . . So (for perfectly valid diplomatic reasons) no one questioned the President's title. Moreover, in spite of a hundred irritations and anxieties, there was an underlying and true conviction in English and French minds that he was the most forthcoming friend of Europe who up to that moment had crossed the Atlantic. . . .

Australia, New Zealand and South Africa said they meant to keep the colonies they had taken from the Germans, and Canada said she stood with them. "And do you mean, Mr. Hughes," said the President, "that in certain circumstances Australia would place herself in opposition to the opinion of the whole civilized world?" . . . To this question he (Mr. Hughes) replied dryly, "That's about it, Mr. President."

In other words, the European counter-legend reads that America is responsible for European false hopes of reparations, although the Allied statesmen felt doubtful that Wilson represented American opinion and simply gambled on his being strong enough to serve their interests, despite the fact that the other nations at the conference were insisting on serving their own national interests before any other consideration. The point about the "freedom of the seas"—the only one of the famous fourteen which represented an American interest—had been summarily and for historically sufficient reasons rejected by the British; no direct American interest was subserved by the settlement; in fact, ambitious plans had been made to utilize American resources for further Allied aims, notably in Russia—and yet there is surprise and resentment that America withdrew from a dispensation in which she had no direct stake, from which she could derive no direct advantage, and which, indeed, promised to subject her to fresh and incalculable demands.

This is not rhetoric but fact, attested to by Mr. Churchill himself. After the Armistice, the British government decided, in collaboration with the French, to continue its intervention in Russia, as had been agreed upon in December, 1917. Twelve thousand British troops, with American and Allied forces, were at Murmansk and Archangel. The Siberian army had been supplied with 100,000 rifles and 200 guns from

British sources. Hence, on November 30, 1918, the British government determined

to remain in occupation at Murmansk and Archangel for the time being; to continue the Siberian expedition; to try to persuade the Czechs to remain in western Siberia; to occupy the Baku-Batum railway; to give General Denikin at Novorossisk all possible help in the way of military material; to supply the Baltic states with military material.

The result of this policy, according to Mr. Churchill, was that

a welter of murder and anarchy, of pillage and repression, of counter-revolt and reprisal, of treachery and butchery, of feeble meddling and bloody deeds, extended in a broad belt from the White Sea to the Black.

Mr. Churchill did not create this policy; he found it already waiting for him when he entered the War Office on January 14, 1919, "and became an heir to the pledges and tragedies of this situation."

I had no responsibility either for the original intervention or for the commitments and obligations which it entailed. Neither did it rest with me to decide whether intervention should be continued after the Armistice or brought to an end. . . . I am glad to think that our country was the last to ignore its obligations or to leave ill-starred comrades to their fate.

How does all this bear on the United States? The United States, which had consented to the Murmansk intervention to protect the 600,000 tons of ammunition and 600,000 tons of coal (largely of American origin) from falling into the hands of the Germans, and which had reluctantly agreed to a joint Siberian intervention with Japanese and Allied forces to protect similar stocks at Vladivostok and to aid the retreat of the Czecho-Slovaks, was to have taken the responsibility for overthrowing the Soviets. The policy of using British troops to "carry out political reforms in a state which is no longer a belligerent ally," had been rejected by Mr. Balfour in a memorandum quoted by Mr. Churchill. Yet the latter writes:

During the great war, too little was done to achieve decisive results in Russia. Any real effort by Japan or the United States, though made with troops which could never have reached the European battle-fields, would have made success certain in 1918.

Nor was this ambition, to use American troops for political purposes in Russia, merely theoretical.

(Marshal Foch) contemplated forming a considerable army principally of American troops . . . for the protection of Poland and operations against the Bolsheviks. The Americans had, however, no intention of being used for such a purpose, however desirable. It was certain that no British troops would be available.

The situation, therefore, boils down to this. The British and the French were unwilling to engage themselves in extensive military operations against the

Russians. The Americans had no reason to wish to do so. President Wilson's consent to the Siberian expedition had been given most grudgingly, and the plan to use American troops on a Polish front was rejected. Mr. Churchill says of the Greek intervention in Asia Minor: "I cannot understand to this day how these eminent statesmen in Paris . . . could have been betrayed into so rash and fatal a step." His comment, fortified by the blood of his White protégés in Russia, is that "so far as the Great Allies were concerned the war was to be fought by proxy. Wars when fought thus by great nations are often very dangerous for the proxy."

Fundamentally, it was America's unwillingness to be such a proxy which led to rejection of a treaty in which she had no material interest. Asked to place 100 divisions on the Western Front by the Supreme War Council, on June 1 and 2, 1918, "to avert the immediate danger of an Allied defeat in the present campaign," and because it was "impossible to foresee ultimate victory in the war unless America is able to provide such an army as will enable the Allies to establish ultimate superiority," the American intervention in France was prompt, adequate and decisive, and mercifully cost "but 125,000 lives." In the settlement at Versailles, President Wilson had to yield ground to the imperious wishes of the nations which had been the beneficiaries of this military action. Accordingly, he patched things up as best he could, with the coöperation of European statesmen who went

as far as they dared in the direction of a sane peace. In these negotiations, President Wilson showed himself determined, scrupulous and vigorous. As such, he served the direct interest of the Allies and the indirect interest of his own country, in helping promote the peace and political stability of the world.

The Kellogg pact is the most recent evidence that the President's activity in this connection was in line with American policy. However, America herself was given no direct interest in the resultant settlement. There was indeed, as Mr. Churchill's published evidence reveals, reason to believe that further direct collaboration with the Allies might lead to further military and financial sacrifices in fields in which American direct national interest was so remote as to be non-existent—notably, a guarantee of France's eastern frontier, a mandate over Armenia, and the job of cleaning up Russia for the benefit of Europe. Accordingly, the United States very sensibly concluded that its major purpose had been served with the defeat of Germany and the establishment of a European territorial settlement, and so cut its losses. That is the fact of Versailles; the rest is a legend which is dying slowly, but still dying. Paradoxically enough, one of the British statesmen who has been most successful in minimizing the actual military importance of American intervention in Europe has pointed the way to a clearer understanding of why that intervention was liquidated by the United States, and Europe enabled to work out its own destiny in its own way.

FATHER MONROE

By WALTER R. HUDSON

IKE had been warned several times before not to whip his Indian wife. And incidentally he had also been warned not to hitch her in with his sled dogs. But Ike was a gambler and thought himself one of Alaska's bad men. A wife to him was just so much property, and he showed her considerably less deference than he did his dogs.

And now he was at it again. As I came over the bank of the creek I saw him floundering about in the slush and water of a local glacier that was slowly moving along the bottom of the bank. First of all Ike had tried whipping his dogs. When they had become so disheartened that they were unable to budge his sled, he hitched his wife in with them and was just in the act of whipping the poor squaw when I came over the slope.

Now Roosevelt once said that Alaska had few laws but a lot of justice. (Only Teddy's vocabulary made it a little more emphatic.) I don't know of any of the Yukon's laws that was enforced so strictly as that against striking a woman. Its infraction was held to be so despicable that any man who caught the transgressor must punish him as he saw fit. Therefore,

stopping my own dogs, I ran across the ice to rescue the squaw and to chastise Ike. But someone was ahead of me. Another dog team had cut in in front of me and its driver had snatched the whip from the hands of the offender and was administering to him a beating that he must long remember. This gave the poor woman an opportunity to free herself from the harness. With a word to the leader she encouraged the dogs clear of the water and into the shelter of some friendly spruce. Frozen feet and possibly death lurked in that fast-freezing water, and so the stranger and I half carried and half dragged the now thoroughly cowed Ike to where the squaw was building a fire.

Such was my introduction to Father Monroe.

Camp mates for the night. And what a goodly company! Father Monroe, a Roman Catholic priest with the body of a prospector and the face of a mystic. The squaw, a believer in the Great Spirit and a beyond where campfires never needed tending. Ike, whose only religion was a deep distrust of all men. Finally myself—the law of the trail was all that mattered to me. After supper, and when we had hung

our wet clothes and moccasins from the ridge pole of the tent, we lit our pipes and talked about the new gold fields on the McManus River.

Up there in that land of midnight suns where men became half wild in their mad rushes for gold, Father Monroe was an outstanding figure. There were many missionaries there but none quite like him. For while many of them were forsaking their callings for gold, this quiet-spoken Irish priest with his soul in heaven kept his feet always upon a very practical earth where he never varied from his unselfish devotion to the care of the sick and the feeding of the hungry. During the next seven years, in which our trails crossed many times, I was to know him to go hungry so that others (and many of them pretty worthless creatures) might carry on. There were more than souls to be fed on his job, and in these days of very easy religion and a still easier conscience, in these days when intolerance seems to be characteristic of our country, I like to think of that old friend of mine who felt so keenly the meaning of sacrifice and hardship and whose voice was never raised to condemn another denomination, but who gave help wherever it was needed irrespective of creed or color.

And his job was not an easy one. We can realize his difficulties and courage only when we remember how cosmopolitan and motley a lot of human beings he worked among: former lawyers, college professors, sailors, adventurers, the riffraff of a world, all rubbing shoulders in the hunt; men among whom creed and social position had been forgotten and the individual was all that mattered; men among whom the tenderfoot of yesterday was a musher to be respected today.

Father Monroe was not interested in gold. He was interested in something more valuable. The metal to him was only a means of happiness for others and he wanted people to be happy. It hurt him when they were not. Let them get their gold, he said, but help them keep both well and virtuous while getting it. His only excuse for making this trip to the new diggings we were both headed for was that he saw souls to be saved there and bodies to be kept healthy. There was plenty of work to be done on both jobs, for the miners were a rough lot and long hours with scanty provisions always took a heavy toll among them.

Most of this I learned from him as, long after Ike and his squaw had gone to sleep, we sat there smoking and talking of many lands and peoples, of the future of Alaska, and of the many problems which his work offered him. He told me of how he had come into Alaska long before the rush and at a time when his nearest fellow priest, Father Jetti, was fifteen hundred miles away up the Yukon. He told me how the miners had flooded into the country and about the Macdonald discovery on Bonanza Creek which heralded the greatest gold strike of modern times. All this meant work for him. He had realized then that there would be many more souls to save and many bodies to be kept

well. He took his responsibilities seriously and did not in the least flinch when he felt that the finger of God pointed to him to carry on His work. And in that work he experienced a great deal of pleasure and not a little pain. How deeply he felt about those things I could tell as we sat there that night and he told me the story of his life, a story that was carefully punctuated by silences and the smoke from his pipe, a story of the conviction and emotion and hunger of an unsung hero of the North. . . .

By noon of the next day we had reached the new diggings. There we found that most of the miners had been disappointed with the prospecting and had already started back to their old claims. Father Monroe therefore decided to leave for Rampart City where he intended to found a new mission, and being footloose at the time, I quickly made up my mind to accompany him.

We traveled for some two hundred miles without meeting a soul. When two people are thrown together that way, they naturally learn quite a bit about each other. But no matter how congenial they may be, or how compatible their temperaments, they will be very glad of company before very long. In Alaska one will go a good deal out of his way to make his trail cross with any lone figure that may offer news. Mail arrived only twice a year and the rest of the world could have been ravaged by war without our knowing it. The newspaper you had might have already been eight months old when you began to read it, and after a year you would still be rereading the advertisements. After a few months we used to see who could recite the most of the advertising on our cans of baking powder.

So after two hundred miles, both Father and I began to hunger for some little token of the outside world. If only a stranger would happen along with a three-months'-old copy of the San Francisco Examiner, or even news of some recent gold strike! We didn't know which would have been the more welcome.

But none happened along. That is, not until we had gone almost three hundred miles. And then we saw it specked against the sharp outline of a clear sky. It moved and moved and then it took a certain shape. Long and lanky he bulked out at us, with enough furs on him to start a trading post. Father Monroe and I both decided that there was but one man in Alaska so big, and that our visitor must be Bill Holmes. Bill Holmes was reputed among the miners to be Alaska's biggest man. He was perhaps the only man in the country who had ever been known to lift a twelve-foot sluice box filled with water and gravel.

The stranger lumbered clumsily into our camp. He puffed and he snorted and he shook great slides of snow from his parka. And then he sweetly chirped, "Dear me! Dear me!"

That was all. Father Monroe nearly dropped the

skillet in which he was frying bacon. I gaped. Both of us looked the visitor over from head to toe and then surrendered to blunt astonishment. In a land where one must be proficient in the profanity of at least three dialects if he wishes to stop a dog team, this man had dropped among us like a late arrival at a women's study club. And then that squeak! How it could come from those bellow-like lungs neither Father nor I could guess. At any rate, this was the way in which we met the Puritan.

That evening Father Monroe and I had hardly lit our pipes for a good smoke when the Puritan began to rail against the evils of nicotine. Father took the sermonizing good-naturedly but I felt a good deal like telling our guest to be about his business. My antipathy toward him was not lessened when, the next morning, I discovered that my pipe was gone. I am not venturing to say where it had gone to. But missing it was, and all during that day I could not help thinking of the previous night's sermon that the Puritan had given me about smoking. Now to a "sour dough," as the old-time miners were called, a smoke was a luxury. Almost any prospector would have sooner lost his ear by frost-bite than to lose a favorite pipe, and this pipe was not only my favorite one but the only one I had. To make matters worse I didn't have as much as a scrap of paper to roll a cigarette.

My trail did not cross Father Monroe's again until a year later when I met him at Holy Cross Mission. He was on his way to save forty-some white men who had been cut off in a blizzard on the Kuskokwim Trail. An amputation of some of their legs was immediately necessary. Father Monroe and I operated on three of them ourselves, without anaesthetics, and with a medical kit which contained only a scissors and a knife. Father Monroe did not flinch. Using whisky as an antiseptic and sinews to bind the wounds with, he

operated upon them in a tent covered by a sheet of ice. Outside the thermometer stood at 56 below. And those three men lived.

It was such work as this that endeared Father Monroe to the pioneers of the North. And how did he die? You remember Miss Cather's Bishop Latour? Father Monroe also labored to the last, and when death came he received her as he had always received life—from the saddle. I got the story from Jimell, a faithful Indian of the Kobuk tribe, who had traveled from the headwaters of the Kobuk to the west fork of the Chandalar just to let me know.

And this was the story. Smallpox and hunger, he said, lay heavy on his tribe and a great cold had driven the moose and caribou to the south. The tribe had been very glad when the good Father had brought them rice and flour. In the meantime two young men were sent to Tramway Bar for more food. But it was many days and many nights before they could return, and scores were dying. Even the living were too weak to be of much help. So Father Monroe did the work. He chopped the wood, he cooked for them, he gave them what little medicine he had. He listened to the last confessions of many of them and eased their souls out of life with the peace of the sacraments. But it proved too much for him. When the young men had finally returned with food and a small supply of serum, they found him near the end. He rallied himself long enough to instruct them in the use of the serum. He told them how to care for the sick. He reminded them of their faith. And then he sank into a deep sleep from which he never awakened.

They could not understand it, the Indian told me, but Father Monroe was gone. I have never seen an Indian cry but if they ever do, Jimell must have been crying then.

EMANCIPATION IN RETROSPECT

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

IT WAS in 1829 that Daniel O'Connell's compelling personality won, at Westminster, the struggle for Catholic Emancipation. It was not until 1910 that the English coronation oath was purged of language offensive to Roman Catholic British subjects. The royal declaration, as now fixed by statute, still maintains and reaffirms the principle of Protestant ascendancy. I see in these three distinct steps, and particularly in the present status of the question, something definitely analogous to conditions in the United States as emphasized on November 6, 1928. To illustrate what I mean, I shall venture to say a few words on the significance of each of these important landmarks in English history.

It was an Irish fight that brought the first milestone into the picture. It took place in 1828. The oppos-

ing candidates were Daniel O'Connell and Vesey Fitzgerald. The scene was County Clare. The successful contestant could not, under the law, take his seat in the House of Commons unless he took the official oath which affirmed that "the sacrifice of the Mass and the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary are impious and idolatrous."

Denis Gwynn, in *The Struggle for Catholic Emancipation*, quotes O'Connell as saying:

I will never stain my soul with such an oath. I leave that to my honorable opponent, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. He has often taken that horrible oath. He is ready to take it again and asks your votes to enable him so to swear. I would be rather torn limb from limb than take it. . . . Return me to Parliament and it is probable that such a blasphemous oath will be abolished forever.

O'Connell was elected. The objectionable oath was abolished. In its place was substituted what Gwynn styles "a long rigmarole" which he characterizes as "the crowning victory of O'Connell's long agitation." I shall not quote the complete text of this prolix declaration, but merely cite its final paragraph. It is conceived in these terms:

And I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privileges to which I am or may become entitled to disturb or weaken the Protestant government in the United Kingdom; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever. So help me God.

This means that the emancipation of the Catholics of the British Isles carried with it the corollary that Protestant government in the United Kingdom was reaffirmed and, in a measure, strengthened by the new oath.

George IV was King of England when Daniel O'Connell won his victory. His successor, William IV, was called upon by the Lord Chancellor, in accordance with the Bill of Rights of 1689, to repeat a declaration from the throne repudiating the doctrine of transubstantiation, and asserting that:

the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous.

Queen Victoria repeated this same formula. When, in 1901, Edward VII was called to the throne he, to cite his biographer, Sir Sidney Lee, felt compelled by usage to

read these compulsory words, which he regarded as a gratuitous insult to his Roman Catholic subjects, in a low tone, resolving that no successor to the throne should submit to the torment which he had suffered of pronouncing from the throne a clumsy and antiquated denunciation of the religious belief of a substantial section of his subjects.

On February 15, 1901, the British Cabinet acknowledged the desirability of some change in the royal oath. The King, on receiving a notification to that effect, wrote Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, that the "crude language" of the declaration was "not in accordance with public policy of the present day," and that he was "glad that the Ministry had fully discussed" the matter. But notwithstanding King Edward's active interest in the subject, nothing was accomplished. George V, the present monarch, took the oath in the old form.

In 1910 the declaration of 1689 was abolished. The following substitute was adopted:

I do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify and declare that I am a faithful Protestant, and that I will, according to the true intent of the

enactments to secure the Protestant succession to the throne of my realm, uphold and maintain such enactments to the best of my power.

This means that while a Catholic may hold any office in England except, I think, that of Lord Chancellor or commander-in-chief of the forces, his religion excludes him from the throne. Such is the written law of Great Britain, a country which has an unwritten constitution. Such, "*mutatis mutandis*," as lawyers would say, is today the unwritten law of the United States, a land which is in possession of a written constitution.

In other words, when the Fathers of the Republic wrote that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," they formulated a principle which was ahead of their times. They were statesmen who had broad visions. Their horizon was wider than that of their electors.

The Conservative British legislators of 1829 were driven by public opinion to do what they did. They registered what their constituents felt was proper. And, because they were not the initiators of the reform, but merely the legislative sounding-board of the will of the voters, their pens did not outrun the measure of amelioration which was called for by the spirit of that day.

Queen Victoria remained so long on the throne that the British public had forgotten all about the archaic language of 1689 when Edward VII succeeded her. It took the English mind some years to awaken to the necessity of deleting out-of-date terminology from the royal declaration. When, however, this intellectual lethargy was dissipated by the spirit of fair play in-born in every Briton, the nation's conscience registered the necessary amendment and the lawmaker gave concrete expression to it.

The day will come at some indefinite period, still in the womb of time, when British sentiment will demand that England's King shall be free to worship at any altar to which his soul may call him. When that hour sounds, the flexibility of an unwritten constitution will expand to meet the situation which is thus presented.

America is the intellectual offspring of Britain. English laws are the background of our civilization. Her faults and her virtues are ours. Well may we learn from her experience. She has shown that an evolution which has kept step with public opinion has in the British Isles made Catholic Emancipation a reality. The same development will take place in this country. It cannot be hastened by legislation which is in advance of public opinion. The future is full of hope, because the stride which England made between 1829 and 1910 shows that an irresistible drift has been set in motion. Sooner or later this current will delete the unwritten Protestant clause from the President's inauguration oath.

RADIO AND THE LANGUAGE

By FRANCIS T. S. POWELL

ONE of the most amazing features of the recent campaign was the almost revolutionary change in publicity methods brought about by the widespread use of the radio. For the first time in a presidential election this medium of communication was used in a far-reaching and systematic way. The lesser luminaries were heard by thousands over a chain of a dozen or more states, while the presidential candidates themselves were listened to by millions in a nation-wide hook-up. With giant strides the radio had taken a place second only to that of the press. The clearness of the reception, moreover, was apparently unimpaired by the distance. Space had again been annihilated, and from Maine to Florida Mr. Hoover's voice could be clearly heard as he brought the campaign to its close in the drawing-room of his California home. Nor was there the slightest deviation from his usual speech; each sound came with absolute fidelity.

And here we realize, with perhaps some slight misgivings, that this very marvelous and docile servant provided us by a beneficent science may prove after all a most exacting and tyrannical master. For what if these sounds which come to us with such startling precision be not lovely or delectable sounds? What if the voice be harsh or nasal and the diction incorrect and slovenly? What if our was is "wuz?" Our avenues, "avenoos?" Our birds, "boids" and our God, "Gawd?"

It is an axiom that all speech is more or less the result of imitation; and the speech of public speakers, particularly of the theatre at its best, has always been regarded as of especial benefit in affording the opportunity of hearing (and unconsciously imitating) what is correct. However valuable these contributions may have been (and still are) they are completely overshadowed by the potential possibilities inherent in the radio and speaking movie. Whereas those speakers addressed thousands, this device has made it possible for its speaker to reach unlimited numbers, and as his speech is, so will their's be.

We are thus confronted with the fact that these new and seemingly innocuous forms of entertainment are very real and potent forces for good or evil in our cultural development. That they are, at present, practically uncontrolled makes it all the more imperative that clear and sober thought be given them.

In seeking to appraise the present value of the material sent out from the various broadcasting

Teachers, dictionaries and conscientious parents join in recommending a decorous pronunciation of our common speech. But what happens to this if you "mouth it," as so many of our radio orators do? The influence of wireless enunciation, added to that of the talkies, may suffice to establish habits of oral diction to which present and future generations will cleave. In the following paper Professor Powell, who has had a wide experience in the theatre, studies the problem and offers a few pertinent suggestions—The Editors.

stations, it must be borne in mind that no charge is made for the service beyond the profit that accrues to the manufacturing companies from the sale of the receiving instruments. To be sure, the broadcasting companies are now beginning to derive a handsome income from the advertising facilities which they have to offer, but with this the public have no concern so long as the companies operate within the restrictions imposed by the government in granting the use of the wave length. It is possible that in the course of time a de luxe program may be offered those who object to the introduction of irrelevant advertising matter, but such a program would probably be taken advantage of by a comparatively limited number, and for the great masses which turn to the radio, the program must be considered as it is.

When we bear in mind that only a few years ago the entertainment offered was practically confined to the product of a pianola and an occasional vocal selection or lecture, we cannot but realize the very remarkable strides which have been made. It is a far cry from the single musical instrument to the splendid symphony orchestra and the varied program of speech and song that now awaits the turn of our dial. Great credit is due to the very efficient executives who have brought about this change. And it is in the sense of responsibility in these able officials that the hope of improvement lies. It is not unnatural, after all, that in the stress and turmoil of these achievements some loose ends should have been overlooked, and it is in the announcing of these excellent programs that their greatest weakness is to be found. While some of the broadcasters have good speech, are familiar with music and musicians and are deservedly popular, others are sadly deficient and leave much to be desired in both voice and diction.

The British Broadcasting Company, keenly alive to the possibilities of its opportunity, has through co-operation with the University of London arranged that its staff of broadcasters be phonetically trained; and for the first time their announcements are made with a security never before approached, and representative English is heard throughout the British Isles. Far-reaching results may be obtained; it is not beyond the range of possibility that the peoples of the various shires may at last be on speaking acquaintance with one another.

There is a very considerable difference of opinion among speech experts as to the desirability of an

absolute standard of so-called *correct* speech. Many of the foremost authorities feel that it is far better, and far more practical, to strive for a standard of *accepted* speech which will admit of slight differences but agree in essentials and be easily understood throughout the English-speaking world. This would seem a desirable goal for the radio announcers, as they can now be heard wherever the English language is spoken.

The recent offer of a prize medal to be awarded each year by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for excellence in diction on the part of radio announcers is significant and will, no doubt, do much to arouse public interest as to the importance of this matter. It is not enough, however, to offer a medal for good diction unless some standard is established as to what constitutes good diction and some method suggested by which it may be attained. Among those familiar with modern speech pedagogy there will be, I believe, general agreement as to English phonetics being the simplest and best means to this end. It is, of course, the basis of speech training in many of the largest universities and colleges. Even a rudimentary course would be helpful; to learn the proper vowel and consonant sounds and how they are made, to know something about the synthesis of sounds and assimilation, weak and strong forms—all of this would be helpful and give the speaker a sense of security that he had not known before. That the officials of the two largest broadcasting companies have expressed a keen desire to coöperate in the offer of the Academy is distinctly encouraging and should lead to highly beneficial results.

What has been said about good speech and the radio applies even more strongly to the speaking movie. Whatever the merits or demerits of a given speech sent over the radio, once it has been delivered it is finished. Not so with the talkie; its initial delivery is but the beginning of endless repetitions, and if the speech recorded in the dialogue is vulgar or ugly, its potentialities for lowering the speech standard of the country are almost incalculable. The fact that it is likely to be heard by the less discriminating portion of the public operates to increase its evil effect; for among the regular attendants at moving picture theatres there are to be found large groups from among our foreign-born population, to whom it is really vitally important that they hear only the best speech.

It would indeed be heartening to feel that the moving picture industry of this country was under the leadership of a group of men keenly alive to the social responsibilities of their work. Unfortunately this cannot be truthfully said of their conduct of the business in the past. Neither in an artistic nor a social sense have they always measured up to as high a standard as might rightfully have been expected of those directing a business quasi-public in its character and with far-reaching social implications. Such a

charge should not be made, of course, without concrete evidence to back it up, but the consensus of unprejudiced criticism as well as the judgment of the reasonably discriminating public would agree that, with comparatively few exceptions, the output of the moving picture studios has been, for at least a year or two, mediocre and unworthy of serious consideration. Prior to that time such films as *The Birth of a Nation*, *Broken Blossoms*, the first part of *The Ten Commandments*, *The Last Laugh*, *Peter Pan*, and *The Thief of Bagdad*, when shown with fine orchestral accompaniment, afforded not only interesting and wholesome entertainment but a type of artistic development full of latent possibilities; but for some unknown reason (lack of adequate financial returns is sometimes advanced as an explanation) pictures of this type have to a great extent been discontinued, and each year the releases have become more routine-like in character. With the better class of good suitable fiction well-nigh exhausted, trite, threadbare plots, dependent upon sex interest or murder thrills, predominate and with the falling off of intellectual interest there has been a corresponding change in the character of the audience. Rumors were abroad that even the lowbrows were tiring of the same old stories, and that the coming of the talkie was in the nature of a life-saver to the industry as a whole.

With a little far-sightedness upon the part of the company officials, not only could the lagging interest of the regular patrons be revived, but the coöperation of educators throughout the country might possibly be secured. The establishing of speech laboratories and the training of the actors to be models of good diction would do much toward revolutionizing the attitude of educated people in relation to the products of the screen.

The opportunity that is presented to both the radio and moving picture interests is unique. Will they have the vision to grasp it?

Some Other Time

Here amid the scent and smoke,
A springtime clown sings half asleep;
And in my stall the gentlefolk
Stir ill at ease or yawn or weep;

I stay in sullen courtesy,
Hemmed in by sombre plumes and gowns,
Unmoved by Harlequin's levity,
Pierrette's pique, Pantaloon's frowns;

I'm tired of the charming sins,
The fecund but the changeless face,
The numbly vernal violins,
The faint corruption of this place;

But if I moved through chairs and knees,
The rustle would be impolite;
And what beyond but certainties?
I'll stay tonight.

EDWIN MORGAN.

WHAT'S THE NEXT WORD?

By THOMAS L. MASSON

A YEAR or so ago I emitted a feeble peep about the use and abuse of the word "outstanding." Nothing came of it. Instead of helping to quell this philological blight, my humble protest appeared to aggravate it. Everything became more outstanding than ever. The New York Times put the stamp of mediocrity upon this pernicious word by inserting over its daily radio department: "A list of outstanding events on the air today." Almost every other full-page advertisement of a motor proclaims that it is the outstanding car of the year. Even the most superficial observation of current journalistic writing discloses so many outstanding brigadier-generals, college presidents, barbers, foreign celebrities, funeral directors, vice-presidents, artists and writers as to make up a large proportion of the inhabitants of the alleged English-speaking world. For the word is by no means confined to this country. I find it sprinkled lavishly through the late writings of the most eminent British authors. Translators love it. When they are at loss for something to convey the meaning of a foreign epoch-maker, they drop in "outstanding."

Here it is used alike by highbrows and lowbrows. In her twenty-page chapter, *American Literature Moves On*, in Kirby Page's symposium, *Recent Gains in American Civilization*, my dear friend, Mary Austin, uses it three times. She says, first, that "Mr. H. G. Wells is the outstanding example" of a certain type of fiction; second, that lewd and vulgar are "such outstanding writers as Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis"; and third, ". . . the use of poetry for the outstanding types of literary achievement" is—and so on.

It would be unfair to single out Mrs. Austin, except that it happens that this particular chapter of hers is mostly on style in writing, and we poor truth-seekers look to outstanding writers like her for rhetorical inspiration. Yet she begins with the word "reaction" which, as all editors, contributors and literary agents know, is now running a close second to "outstanding." Whenever I sally forth into the sacred zone of literary pundits, bounded on the north by the Algonquin and on the south by Floyd Dell's Village cave, I am invariably asked what my "reactions" are to so many things that, at the end of an imperfect day, braining a tender infant of two with a meat axe would be a mere emotional tidbit as relief. Mrs. Austin (not to pursue her longer, for I do love her ardently) writes of "our enlarged vocabulary," of "the perfect Rotarian manner," of "thoughtful writing," of "stylizing the literary approach," and lastly, uses the word "superimposed." It is arresting (as we stylists sometimes say) that Max Beerbohm, in his last book, *A Variety of Things*, uses this same word, he being a British subject, and that our own John Jay Chapman in his *Letters on Religion* uses it correctly, as given in the Oxford Dictionary, namely: superpose.

My object in writing this is not even to hope to do anything about all of these outstanding reactions. Like measles, chicken-pox and the flu, they will have to run their course, once they get going. I recall even now quite vividly and with an equally reminiscent horror how, during the year 1900, we were attacked by "fin de siècle." It is at least comforting to know that it will be at least seventy years before another end of the century will roll around again. If other planets are inhabited, which astronomers are now beginning to assert, "fin de siècle" is probably flitting from one to the other with deadly intent, the inhabitants of each one exclaiming in turn (in the words of Mrs. Austin, which see) "How devastating!"

Immediately after the war do you recall how everything and everybody became "meticulous"? And this word is still going on. "What is the strange charm that makes this word irresistible to the British journalist?" exclaims H. W. Fowler, in *Modern English Usage*. I do not know. But somebody in Chicago must subscribe to the London Times (is it Bill Thompson?) because, as soon as they go wrong there on a word, or H. G. Wells uses it, it immediately appears in the literary sections of the Chicago papers. It is then read by Harry Hansen of the New York World, who introduces it to the wondering inhabitants of the eastern metropolis, and naturally nothing more can then be done about it. Years ago, in some of his books which nobody in this country reads except the Peoria Woman's Club or a Chicago journalist who is trying to get a novel published, H. G. Wells wrote somewhere: "Came the dawn." The Chicago word-sleuth, in a burst of emotionalism, imparted his secret to a motion picture director. Thus "Came the dawn" not only started a new cycle of motion picture melodramas, but inspired a whole guild of screen text writers, who found that the three words "Came the dawn" were all so easy to spell that they did not have to think twice about them. Indeed, it may be said that this phrase is the symbolic expression of an age which was preceded by one whose symbol was "He done me wrong."

"Meticulous" was presently joined by "intrigue," which is still going strong, along with "outstanding" and "reaction." "I am intrigued!" exclaim (in chorus) the heroines of a hundred novels hot from the presses. Everything seems to be in rather of an "intriguing" mood. The Yosemite "intrigues" us. We are "intrigued" by motor cars, hot dog wagons, prize puppies and griddle-cakes.

These malignant words, as I have suggested, are not the emanations of Rotarians or Babbitts, or of those parents who call their offspring "kiddies" or—in cases of isolated production—"Junior." They are not foisted upon us by those gentlemen who refer to their respective wives as "mother" or you and me as "brother," or any others as "folks." Oh no. They are emanations of the literary élite, or, as we have come to name them, intelligentsia. Not wholly, of course, but in large part: of that small group who are supposed to purvey grammar and rhetoric and style to the moronic masses—or, as we say in Forty-fourth Street, "the herd mind."

And the next word? Alas! it is a painful subject, but we must bear our burden. It was apparently started in 1927 by Theodore Dreiser, when, for the first time his books were beginning to be read. So far as I know, it occurred in that rewrite masterpiece, *An American Tragedy*, which nobody has ever read, and which made his fortune. That Dreiser is our worst writer made no difference.

And this is the word: "motivate." It is now on its way. Nothing can stop it. It has vibrations in it connected with too much machinery, which is adored by the sporting American mind. Only the other day (December 29, 1928) the Publisher's Weekly, one of our best carriers, said in writing of the purchase by Gabriel Wells of a London bookselling firm: "Mr. Wells explains that he has been motivated in making this arrangement by his friendship for Mr. Stoneham."

We are off. Be warned. We shall soon be universally intrigued into getting ourselves motivated in all the ways in which we have recently been intrigued. Mr. Hoover will motivate a new budget. Congress will motivate a new farm relief bill. Junior will motivate a new sport car. No matter what our reactions are, or how meticulous we may be, the outstanding word for 1929 is motivate.

POEMS

Hope Dies Not

Every morning!
 Ah! How cruel is every morning,
 And yet hope smiles. . . .
 My friend, the hours are long
 and life flits by like
 a shadow.
 "Tomorrow," I say, "she will come.
 "She will appear in glory at the
 threshold of dawn."
 Another day has come to proclaim
 the birth of another tear
 and the wandering flight of
 another sigh.
 The wind carries not the echo of her
 coming—
 Neither the birds the songs;
 Nor the billowy seas the rhythm.
 And yet, hope smiles like the birth
 of a new rose
 Every morning.

M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCION.

To Tried Steel

From this spark-showered grinding-stone of days
 I lift you, tempered steel of my intent,
 Proud that no fang of rust on you displays
 The first significant, insidious dent.
 Glad that my endless need has kept you bright,
 That when your point is dulled its temper takes
 New keenness on, I hold you to the light—
 O supple strength that bends . . . but never breaks!
 O steel that I have whirled about me so,
 My back against the wall! O steel that I
 Have used to rend my gnawing thongs and go,
 To pry the fallen walls and find the sky!
 You have been true. . . . No conquest flaming near
 Shall find your warrior fallen on his spear.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Plow

The driven wedge of iron burrows
 Seeking some central core;
 The plow I plow with turning furrows
 That I have turned before.
 And what is this that I am after?
 The name eludes me now;
 Veiled as the presences whose laughter
 Precedes the plow.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Mary of Magdala: Autobiography

Seven expert and competent devils have harassed me
 all the day!
 They have knotted so deftly my hair I can scarce
 unbind it;
 They have hidden my most subtle perfume; I cannot
 find it.
 My lips they have reft of their kisses, my eyes of
 their tears;
 My heart they have stricken with hardness; my soul
 they have shaken with fears.
 And the end is not yet, possessing what power they
 do over past, over possible years.
 In the presence of anguished chagrin, in the face of
 familiar dismay
 I have little to say.
 I have doggedly faced the sharp issue, exploited,
 defined it.
 Their nice malice I guess and defy once for all!
 What if now I should humanly mind it?
 They are devils at best who beset, but who never,
 who never
 Can touch my white peace. I despise them and
 daunt them forever!
 Let them measure efficiency's utmost by every device
 they may know or possess or discover.
 I have one foolish weapon of love. I have Christ
 for a lover.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

Muns Lambert

He found it hard to turn his eyes to men
 With hands so stony with the bark of trees,
 And far too many years had dwelt with these
 To contemplate on mortal beards again.
 He laid the skidways, cut the timber deep,
 And sent the reeling maples down the hill
 Where they could find no end of death and sleep.
 And it was one to him if youth or age
 Came through the woods to watch his swinging blade;
 His eyes were purple with the tender shade
 Of past anointment through another's rage. . . .
 If he could root his legs he'd be a tree,
 He has no word. But sometimes, sighing low,
 Like a young wind through aged branches go
 Unuttered song and sunken memory.

CHARLES A. WAGNER.

Beside the Zuider Zee

Sunshine on groups of gabled roofs for miles,
 Received by snugly hooded chimney pots,
 Partitioned by the fluted edges of the tiles,
 And rivuleted down to cobbled spots;
 While masts of small boats cluster on the bays,
 Or file inland along the waterways.

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Journey's End

POSSIBLY a truly great play does not depend for its magic upon an audience's intimate associations with some specific event of history. I am inclined to think that in spite of the proportions which the great war assumes in *Journey's End*, by R. C. Sherriff, the play itself passes beyond the limitations of time, place and individual circumstance and enters rightfully into the company of the few masterpieces of the last decade.

It is quite true that it evokes haunting memories, all too recent; true, also, that some of its force centers in one's consciousness of its truth. Those who have lost dear friends in the war, and above all those who have lost sons or brothers, cannot but be stirred beyond the mere poignancy of the dramatic situations. It all has an uncanny immediacy which lends it an overtone of reality, as if one's own memories were being reënacted. We must allow for all this in appraising the play. Yet, when every last measure of personal emotion has been granted, *Journey's End* remains somehow a thing of worth and tragic beauty and poetic valor in its own right—the portrait of men who are universal and therefore of all times, the story of a valiant fight between fear and relentless duty such as men must wage so long as hate breaks forth between nations; above all a supreme struggle to retain—rather than go mad—some of the human proportions of life amid organized butchery. These British officers in the dugout before St. Quentin are not the heroes of legend who “face death with a smile.” On the contrary, they face it with sheer terror, sometimes in an agony of protest, but so concealed under the mask of determination that at times they almost deceive themselves by laughing, or by the hurried exchange of commonplaces which are no longer commonplace simply because you realize—and so do they—that such phrases may rise to the dignity and the awful finality which invest the last words of men.

The objective facts about this play are easily stated. There is no woman in the cast, though one, at least, is strongly felt. The entire action takes place in the dugout before and then during the German advance in March, 1918. The principal characters are Captain Stanhope, a fine youngster whose nerve is slowly breaking under the strain of four years, and who keeps at it only with the help of constant and excessive drink; Lieutenant Osborne (more fondly known as “Uncle”) who was, and remains at heart, a schoolmaster with a weakness for flowers and for reading *Alice in Wonderland*; Lieutenant Hibbert, whose nerve has already broken into hysterical terror; Lieutenant Trotter, a cockney, up from the ranks, with a blessed lack of imagination; and Lieutenant Raleigh, a boy hardly out of his teens, still fired with ideals and hero worship who has just been sent up from the training school to take his first turn in the front line. Nor can we forget Private Mason, whose prowess as cook is only matched by his prowess in butchering the English language. Just six men in a dugout, facing possible death at any moment. The captain of a neighboring company, the company sergeant-major, the regimental colonel and a German prisoner make up the rest of the cast—and before anything further is said, we might add that a more perfect bit of casting for an exceedingly difficult and exacting play has seldom been seen on this side of the water. So com-

pletely do these ten men create their illusion that it is hard to write of them except as the characters they portray.

One hears occasionally of a fine play casting a spell over an audience, but with the possible exception of *Street Scene*, no play of the last four years has, to my knowledge, achieved this precise effect so overwhelmingly as *Journey's End*. Even now—nearly a week after seeing it—I find myself reluctant to write about it, as if, in fact, these were real people whose last moments before death we had witnessed and must somehow speak of only in whispers, if at all. This feeling, as of something profound, overheard in sacred confidence, is perhaps the most genuine tribute one can pay to what is, after all, a revelation of men's souls on the brink of eternity.

The consummate beauty of the play rests perhaps most fully in the awesome silence which pervades so much of it—a broken silence which fairly throbs, like the murmur of the earth itself before dawn. Occasionally, during the menacing quiet of the first scenes, there is the whine of a shell or the rumble of northward guns at Ypres. The darkness, too, is broken from time to time by flares which reflect even in the recesses of the dugout. But whether at the mists of dawn, or in the amber of an afternoon sun, or in the candle-lit gloom of night, there is always the feeling of last hours, of nature hushed before the summons of God, and of men bidding brave, unhurried good-byes to the only existence which they have known.

The incidents of the play seem, in one sense, unimportant. Yet, actually, it is entirely through incident that Mr. Sherriff has brought life and death and character and controlled terror before us in proportions that grow starkly beautiful as we watch them. Take Captain Stanhope in his brief scene with the bewildered Hibbert. He does not make a hero of the frantic youngster, but he does get him to stick it out by revealing a little—a very little—of his own agony of mind. And then, there is always Osborne, who in his quiet way slowly becomes the truly legendary character of the drama. Osborne it is who is selected to make a daylight raid into the enemy trenches, sixty yards away, taking with him young Raleigh. Nothing much is said, but you read Osbornes innermost soul in the sudden slowness of his movements, in the meticulous care with which he arranges his effects, writes a last letter and leaves his ring on the table; in the strange, embarrassed silences which fall between him and Raleigh, in his nervous effort to talk, and to keep talking at any cost, of the English countryside, of *Alice in Wonderland*, of shaded forests and groves, minute by minute as the time for the raid approaches. All incident, but masterly, restrained and understated always until, against that stark horror of the war outside, it strikes deep with the poignancy of a crucifixion.

Osborne never returns. Raleigh comes back with a prisoner, but broken, knowing at last the truth which the others have mercifully tried to keep from him. Without thinking he sinks down on Osborne's cot. It is too much for Stanhope, to whom Osborne had become mother, father and brother in one. The flood piled up and held fast for four years breaks loose. Incident again—but this time it is Stanhope whose soul you know at last. Yet before the next fatal dawn Stanhope is himself again, the gallant officer, stoutly facing an order to hold his position at all costs and to make no provisions for

retreat. The German drive begins. Raleigh gets a bit of shell in his spine. He dies in Stanhope's arms. Stanhope himself goes up into the trench. Just as he turns the corner from the dugout steps, a shell strikes. Journey's end!

Maurice Browne, in England, was the original producer of *Journey's End*, and Gilbert Miller is the one who imported it to New York. The direction is by James Whale, who also designed the one enormously effective set. For the rest, it is hard to speak of one of the superb cast without speaking of all, but there is a sheer perfection in Leon Quartermaine's portrait of Lieutenant Osborne which one cannot but feel sets him on a plane apart, even though only slightly above Derek Williams as Raleigh and Colin Keith-Johnston as Stanhope. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

A Glance Backward

THE current season which, in a sense, may be said to have come to a resting point with Holy Week, has been in many respects one of the most illuminating of recent years. It started out with an appalling number of commercial failures, for the simple and good reason that it started out with an appalling number of poor plays. Nor, in this regard, am I making any exception for such a play as *Machinal*, whose early demise was bemoaned by many as indicating the unappreciativeness of modern audiences. *Machinal* was an excellent case in point of a play with little universal interest, either in character or situation, which happened, however, to be beautifully staged and acted, and brought out under the distinguished auspices of Arthur Hopkins. This may have thrown an aura of artistic snobbishness about the play, but it does not actually alter the bare fact of its limited quality and poverty of idea.

About the time that *Machinal* failed, the theatrical sections of the press were filled with gloom. Then strange things began to happen. A few plays of real worth began to creep onto the boards, and theatre business picked up. Instead of attributing this to the better quality of plays, the general comment indicated that the public was a moody crowd and that there was no accounting for its vagaries. Traffic improvement and every other trivial factor was brought up as a possible explanation, and the essential fact simply ignored. As we now look back, however, a season that produced (however belatedly) such excellent pieces as *The Perfect Alibi*, *Street Scene*, *Holiday*, *Kibitzer* and (with reservations) *The Kingdom of God*, not to mention *Wings over Europe*, *Caprice* and various other products, good as plays if wobbly in principles—such a season has attained real distinction, and has served as a worthy preparation for the present climax of *Journey's End*.

But the most important lesson of all can be gathered from the very variety of theme, material and development which marked the more conspicuous plays. It proved beyond the last shadow of a doubt the contention of all sincere theatre lovers that there is no such thing as a set public taste for a certain type of play. *Holiday*, for example, has a record of grossing almost as much per week as a big musical show, in spite of the fact that it has not a single off-color line or situation in it. Where, then, is this mythical appetite for dirt? Many of the promptest failures were the deliberately dirty plays—and if here and there one of them succeeded, you will find on examination that, in spite of its dirt, it happened to be good, well-made drama. We now know, with finality, that public taste is surprisingly true and discriminating.

COMMUNICATIONS

A NEW SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN ARTS

Mountain View, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Cram's article which appeared in *The Commonweal* several weeks ago proposing a possible solution to many problems of church art and architecture, deserves fair consideration, and the proposition outlined certainly offers advantages that should not be overlooked. For mediaevalism after all occupies, deservedly, a conspicuous place in the history of Catholic artistic expression, and should therefore continue to exert, in the form of tradition, its influence on the work of succeeding generations—at least on the work of those who do not cut themselves off from the Church.

While it is true that we need a fitting modern expression of Catholic inspiration, the modern ecclesiastical artist and architect have no right to disregard entirely Catholic tradition in the Church's expression. Respect for tradition, and recognition of the vitality inherent therein, are fundamental Catholic principles that should be reflected in the Church's art and architecture, and are lacking entirely in the modernistic work which Mr. Cram, with good reason, has condemned. Furthermore, anyone who has seen the annual Paris exhibits in recent years will understand better what Mr. Cram is driving at. His condemnation does not for a moment include either originality or a spontaneous modern expression, both of which he recognizes as essential to a vital Catholic expression, but his statements are aimed rather at the superficial results of forced attempts to gain these qualities without the background of Catholic inspiration.

Mr. Cram's plan offers the decided advantages of an international school of ecclesiastical art and architecture located in a country—and in buildings—redolent of Catholic tradition and inspiration. He evidently intends this to provide a basis for modern style development which would at least be more Catholic than modern in its inspiration, and which would at the same time have all the vitality of a true expression of modern Catholic—rather than materialistic—culture.

The chief difficulties with the scheme, however, are that our Catholic culture is not so well formulated in this country (as distinct from its materialistic environment) as to feel and appreciate the intense need for expression such as this school is intended to foster; and even if it were so formed, the interest in this kind of Catholic expression is not sufficiently well organized or coördinated to give adequate support to such a school so far away from home.

On the other hand, Mr. Lavanoux seems to imply in his letter either that the Benedictines of Europe (whose influence has been so great upon the Christian expression and culture of the past and present) might be induced to extend the field of their labor in this particular direction to this country, or that a lay professional school of ecclesiastical art and architecture might be more effective if located in America.

The former implication suggests a phase of the solution that is of primary importance, since it concerns the chief spiritual forces that molded and guided so much of the expression of the Catholic culture of Europe. These forces do not exist—at least as such—in American Catholic culture today. But this phase of the problem lies beyond the direct control of laymen, since it is chiefly a matter of vocations. It would, of course, be most desirable if some Benedictine house abroad engaged in this work could be induced to found a house or lend some men to inaugurate the same work in America. But for the present, this must be left to Providence to work out.

The advantage of the latter implication, however, is that the organization work so necessary to support such a school as Mr. Cram outlines could be more easily accomplished at home—and when this had been effected, we would be in a better position to support such a school abroad. A precedent has been set for us in this respect by the firm establishment of professional art and architectural schools throughout America before the founding of the American Academy in Rome, which has been so very successful as a result.

But the outstanding fact that has been overlooked completely in the above considerations is this: Of the two Catholic schools of architecture in America doing Beaux Arts problems today, the one that has gained preëminence over all of the other schools of its kind is the Department of Architecture at the Catholic University. We hope that some day there will be other Catholic colleges and universities (including Notre Dame) equally successful in this primarily Catholic field of education; but at present none has a record to compare with it, and it therefore has a prior claim to our full coöperation and support.

The work of this infant school, handicapped as it is with a minimum of equipment and resources, has eclipsed that of all the older schools of the country by the number of medals and honors it has taken in competition with them, and by its amazing success last year in both of the competitions for the much-coveted Paris and Rome prizes—in one of which competitions its candidate was finally successful.

Would it not be better, then, at this critical period in the life of this promising school, for the profession and the interested laity to concentrate their efforts upon securing the proper endowment and equipment for this young prodigy at our Catholic University of America? Would it not be better for us to help this department to become the solid and beneficial influence upon the Catholic art and architecture of the country that it should be?

Once there is a centre for study and research in ecclesiastical artistic expression in America and for the proper dissemination of information and knowledge relative thereto, the other projects will follow as a natural sequence. Uninvited, therefore, I ask—on behalf of the Department of Architecture at the Catholic University of America—endowment and equipment sufficient to establish graduate courses in church art and architecture, the philosophy of aesthetics, and professional practice (to serve as sort of an architectural clinic for poor parishes, etc.) and at least one traveling scholarship for students who desire to specialize in church art and architecture abroad. The interest on from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars will establish such a fellowship in perpetuity, as a memorial to the donor, who would be the first to give to this Catholic school of architecture what nearly every other architectural school in the country already has.

EVERETT RADCLIFF HARMAN.

SCOUTING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I hasten to assure Dr. Furfey that I heartily agree with his sentiment to “live and let live. There is room for all.” This I too have always maintained. I also agree with him that the problem of leadership is very pressing and clamors for a solution. My many writings vouch for that. But like all problems, it may be solved in the right or in the wrong way. That it is advancing in the wrong direction is the opinion of many who are entitled to consideration. (See *The Commonweal* for August 10, 1927.) About

the opportuneness of my criticism, I may say that a friendly discussion will not harm any cause. Everyone knows that the questions under debate have nothing to do with faith or morals, and hence everyone has the right and privilege to maintain and defend what seems correct to him.

Dr. Furfey desires proofs for my contention that the letter of Cardinal Gasparri, partly quoted in his article, does not constitute a formal approval of the Scout movement as it exists among Catholics in the United States. I will gladly present some.

1. The name and address have been intentionally omitted from this letter, published in the last edition of *Scouting for Catholics*. This would have indicated that it was a more or less private letter to a layman as an answer to a letter from a layman. This is not the usual way for the Holy See to express its official opinion about pastoral means. The rapidity with which the answer followed the first letter does not leave much time for a thorough investigation.

2. Cardinal Gasparri was indeed instructed about the matter, as the first part of the letter, not published in the article on *Scouting*, reveals. But how? He was informed that the movement had the support of Cardinal Gibbons and of many archbishops and bishops. Who were they? Remember the letter was written in 1919. Now, between 1915 and 1919 only four archbishops and one bishop had published their approval, and some of these conditionally. Even after the letter of Cardinal Gasparri had been published, it was not so easy to move but one-third of the episcopate to give approvals and recommendations. All who were interested in the matter and watched developments know this. The chronicle of Catholic *Scouting* in its infancy is found in the first volume of the N.C.W.C. Bulletin together with the original letter of information, never—as far as I know—published again. From this it may be safely concluded that a large number of ordinaries, if not most of them, never considered the letter an emphatic, unquestionable and explicit approval and recommendation of Catholic extension as it is. So I am not alone in my opinion.

3. The fact that many bishops gave their approval after the appearance of the letter does not prove that they considered it of great importance. They could have done so without it, as Cardinal Farley did before it was published. As a matter of fact, most of them do not mention the letter at all. Even the Boy Scouts did not attach much importance to it; otherwise why did their very able publicity man not insert it in *Scouting for Catholics*, until nine years later when other things had been forgotten?

Anent the difference between the Boy Scouts of America and the European Catholic Boy Scouts, Dr. Furfey asks where I got the idea. I may answer: From personal experience and from sources which I consider reliable.

One source is a news item found in the New York Herald Tribune for April 1, 1928, page 6, headlined *No Boy Scouts in Italy*. It reads in part: “At the national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, it was said that Italy was not in the international organization. . . . No Boy Scouts in any country who are organized basically for political or religious reasons are received into the international organization, said an official.” He ought to know. His statement was never corrected.

Another proof of existing differences is found in Dr. Furfey's own letter. He writes that all the Catholic national Scout organizations he ever heard of are “affiliated” with the International Bureau in London. Here they are “amal-

gamated." That is difference enough—in fact, just the difference that matters.

Catholic countries present no difficulties. Their troops will always be distinctly and practically exclusively Catholic and everything that goes with it. Hence they are different. Their works also show this. Practically everything worth while and interesting to Catholics sent out by the Catholic News Service is imported from abroad. If it is the same in this country, why not tell Americans the virtues of American Catholic boys? There are about as many boys organized in Catholic troops in this country as in the rest of the world although they constitute less than 5 percent of the total enrolment.

The only country of any importance where conditions are similar to ours is England. In that country the Scout authorities sought the advice of Cardinal Bourne, but according to remarks and complaints appearing from time to time in the *Catholic Times*, London, the advice was not much heeded. In any case, the relations between Catholics and others are much more strained, affording a protection to English boys which American Scouts have not. I had the opportunity of meeting Scouts from London and Liverpool and found that they had the name "Catholic Scouts" on their shirts and definite names like "The Cardinal's Own" on their banners. They told me that, as a rule, they did not associate much with others and had specific Catholic activities. This would not be tolerated here. In fact, Scout authorities deplore the separation of Catholic Scouts in camps of their own which bishops demand, for reasons that might just as well be brought forward against parochial or private schools. If this is no difference, I do not know the meaning of the word.

Since I do not see any special benefits in going still deeper into details and, perhaps, by calling attention to remediable flaws, creating the impression that I am opposed to the whole, I do not feel inclined to continue the discussion.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M. Cap.,
Director General, C.B.B.U.S.

WHITHER MEXICO?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—May I be permitted, in connection with the article *Whither Mexico?* published in *The Commonwealth* of March 27, to communicate to your readers one particularly unfortunate experience I have had while traveling in Mexico?

For foreigners, the best available guide-book is Terry's *Guide to Mexico*, by T. Philip Terry, F.R.G.S., published by Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston and New York. Unfortunately the book is so full of bias and prejudice against the Church that it constitutes an offense to the Catholic reader. The author seems to be fond of wise-cracks, and no human institution in Mexico appears to be quite safe from his artificial wit. Unwelcome as this is in a Baedeker that should have only the function of conveying information, leaving out completely the personal opinions of the author, it becomes a nuisance when the intention of anti-Catholic and anti-religious propaganda is so clearly shown as in this case.

A few quotations will explain what I have in mind. It is Mr. Terry's right, of course, to express optimism with respect to the present Mexican government. But it is a display of poor taste when such a stand is supported by untempered attacks upon all those Mexican factions which, after all, being in the majority, have a right to their opinions. To Mr. Terry,

however, all priests are "fanatics." He speaks of the alleged "enormous accumulated wealth of the clergy" (page ccxvii) and of an imaginary "crippling grip of the friars" in Mexican history. Orders and religious communities to him are "contrary to public welfare" (page ccxix) and he finds that prior to the adoption of the so-called reform laws, Mexico was "a great priest-ridden camp"; although he has to state in the same paragraph that there was only one priest for every 1,000 people.

Whenever Mr. Terry has to deal with Catholic history, he has recourse to anti-Catholic sources. So in the case of the Inquisition. He mentions (page 356) certain "best authorities" without giving their names, but the figures quoted show the uttermost bias. The Inquisition is "hateful" (page 261) and the author uses the expression, "the alleged Holy Office," without apparently having reached a correct understanding of its functions. On the other hand, Mr. Terry has not a word of explanation to offer on the Franciscan Bartolomé de Las Casas who is so lovingly remembered by the Mexican people as "the Father of the Indians," and whose admirable life work would have merited an extensive description in a guide-book claiming, as this, standard classification. The more so as Mr. Terry has to state in a tucked-away footnote that another Franciscan, Fray Pedro de Gante, and his companions dedicated themselves to "the uplifting of the inhabitants of the new world, the influence of certain of them for good being incalculable: after the lapse of four centuries it still pulses through the lives of the people." (page 324).

In spite of this fundamental recognition the author has not taken any pains to reach an unprejudiced understanding of the deep influence of Catholic tradition and culture in Mexico. He is apparently not equipped for such an understanding. The Dominican order is to him "a sect" (page 353)! And so on. In the atrium of the Mexico City Cathedral he disapprovingly encounters "a petty commerce in prayer-books, legends, pictures of saints and what-not," but he volunteers the comforting information in the next sentence that "stands with post-cards (some of pornographic character)" (page 267) are right outside. He then goes on to explain that "the numerous Masses often interfere with the visitor's inspection of the Cathedral" (page 272); as he seems to consider the sight-seeing business of greater importance than divine services. He also takes pains to recommend to his male readers that they remove their hats on entering the church (page 273) as though he did not feel sure of their code of manners. The Jesuits are particularly close to his heart. He calls them "militant Jesuit Brothers" (sic!) (page 318) and finds their conduct "strangely at variance with the humility and resignation preached by Him in Whose name the Church was founded."

All that is dear to Catholic souls Mr. Terry tears down with a flippant gesture. "Alleged miraculous rubbish which appeals to the ignorant only" (page 323) is the best characterization he can find for devotionals and relics. And after all this vituperation—only a few stray instances have been mentioned—the publisher dares to speak in the preface, of "unbiased information about Mexico" and "dispassionate estimates" which he thinks are presented in this guide-book!

Of course no traveler will obtain a correct understanding of the country who relies on such a prejudiced cicerone. For Mr. Terry the innermost spirit of the Mexican people is a strange and totally unknown province. Catholic travelers will discard this book and hope for a member of their faith to supplant it with a better one at the earliest possible opportunity.

MAX JORDAN.

BOOKS

Science and Something Else

The Nature of the Physical World, by A. S. Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

IN THIS remarkable, exciting and valuable book, a distinguished astronomer and physicist has produced something which will be the despair of every "humanizer" of knowledge. It is a broad expository survey of the accomplishments of recent physical science, written with both authority and wit. Eschewing all the old devices of Einstein-expositors: the familiar illustrations which do not illustrate and the familiar analogies which do not clarify, the author comes to grips with relativity, time, gravitation and the quantum theory, and casts over those forbidding topics a new illumination of heavenly homeliness. The book is non-mathematical; neither is it childish. It appeals to alert minds only; but these it will challenge and charm into several deliberate readings. It will introduce them to trains of thought that lead to paradoxes and miracles; it will help them to touch the fringes of philosophic truth. No one who reads it and accomplishes the not herculean task of comprehending it can fail to see many of the most distressing problems of existence in a clearer light.

Not only for its clarity, its originality and its authoritative-ness does the book deserve such unusual praise. Eddington exhibits throughout its pages a refreshing freedom from the traditional materialistic narrowness of the professional laboratory worker's attitude toward his specialty. Making a great effort to get at fundamentals, he does not see electrons, fields of force and differential equations as ultimate realities. He does not see the universe as a rigidly determined series of molecular causes and effects. He emphasizes the fact that the notion of strict causality seems to break down when the electron is smoked out of its hiding places and disguises. Further, he sees no valid reason for attaching any final "reality" to the physicists' world. "Recognizing that the physical world is entirely abstract," he writes, "and without 'actuality' apart from its linkage to consciousness, we restore consciousness to the fundamental position instead of representing it as an in-essential complication occasionally found in the midst of in-organic nature at a late stage of evolutionary history."

What has been said so far applies strictly only to the first fourteen chapters of the book. The fifteenth and final section, called Science and Mysticism, presents the reader with a devastating surprise. The author realizes this, and explicitly invites critical warfare. No sensible person would have quarreled with him if he had stopped with the conclusion we have quoted above. But, having opened the way to the discovery of a sound system of mental values, Eddington promptly permits himself to become intoxicated with a crude and nonsensical aesthetic pantheism. Having observed that reality is to be discovered in "mind-stuff" if anywhere, he immediately accepts as valuable mind-stuff any and all emotional states, and especially those "exalted" intuitive states which are based on palpable illusions and falsehoods. In doing so he displays an incredible ignorance of modern aesthetic psychology. He seems blind to the fact that a valid philosophy may be discovered somewhere between the crude rigidity of laboratory materialism and the still cruder flimsiness of the doctrine of art for art's sake. It is good to see him stepping out of his laboratory, but it cannot be called anything but disconcerting to see him stepping into mush.

ERNEST BRENNKE, JR.

The Court of Saint James's

American Ambassadors to England: 1785-1929, by Beckles Willson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$6.00.

WHEN one speaks of the United States as built upon English institutions, it is the truth, but only half of the truth. English political thought has also been modified and changed by ours.

We too often have a hazy idea that we Americans took or copied something English: something in some sense foreign to us. It is quite commonly accepted that since the Revolutionary rupture, which was completed psychologically in 1812, neither has affected the other except by a process of nagging. If that were true, it would be a marvel that peace between us has endured for the space of a full and overflowing century. It is, of course, not true, in spite of our impassioned 100 percenters. Mr. Willson amply confirms the facts in his very readable record of our diplomatic representatives.

Both the present British empire and the United States were conceived in England and born in America. The ideas out of which both have developed were the intellectual product of Englishmen in England and Englishmen in America. Englishmen in America (developing into something else) were beginning to think imperially long before the Revolution, but in different terms from those in use among Englishmen in England. Both here and there we were the children of the Elizabethan era. Stuart absolutism and centralization of power clashed hard with the idea of a confederation of self-governing commonwealths visioned, among others, by Sandys of the Virginia Company.

Centralization, the Federal or Republican idea, existed, however, and continued among us after the birth of the thirteen new nations of the American Atlantic seaboard. It lived by compromise with the idea of confederation; it prevailed by arms in the Civil War and by growing conviction thenceforth.

America, accepting centralization, exchanged with England, accepting the American theory of a confederation of self-governing commonwealths.

Since the rupture, American influence has been continuous in England and far greater than English influence here. Through our ambassadors there has been a continued process of Americanization of British thought, though not at all the sort of "Americanization" deplored so sincerely by Chesterton. An interesting subject for him to tell us about would be whether his pet bugbear does not really grow out of the Europeanization of America.

These records show that our representatives at London have always held a position somewhat different from that of other nations. English diplomacy, used to dealing with the rival dynastic policies of the continent, has generally treated our men as persons rather than as pawns in a game. They have been approached like men of the same race, as in fact most of them were.

The Court of Saint James's has necessarily always been our premier diplomatic post, whatever our relations may have been at any given time. It has been served mainly by capable and sensible men. More than ever now it should continue to be filled by men who, whatever their previous training, do know very fully, as most of their predecessors did, what America was and is, and who have demonstrated that understanding in public life at home.

Some Englishmen today are very fearful lest President Hoover, "who saw England naked," may be "cynical about England." That might be true of some callow diplomat over-

impressed by the pageant of the court and by London society. It could not be true of the type of man who has served us best in London. Five of these varied characters but typical Americans have been Presidents, and ten have been Secretaries of State. All of them have been men who have taken part in the building of America. They have seen England naked before now, and America too. Practically all have contributed something to both peoples (the ideal of diplomacy) not excepting the classical Treatise on Draw Poker, "by the Honorable Robert C. Schenk, Envoy Extraordinary, etc., near Her Britannic Majesty."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Right Honorable Timothy

Letters and Leaders of My Day, by T. M. Healy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Two Volumes, \$10.00.

BY MEANS of contemporary letters, most of them his own, and a running commentary that at times becomes desultory gossip, Mr. Healy tells the story of a life which has now passed its three score and ten, and of which he has spent over half in the British House of Commons, and nearly all in the unselfish service of his country. Much of his story is now very much "vieux jeu," but it may as well be said here, even the duller of it lives again in Mr. Healy's volumes with a vividness that no other man could compass; witness these empty years between 1900 and the outbreak of the war. As for the whole of the first volume, which has Parnell for its centre, those contemporary letters have preserved the fiery atmosphere of those terrible days—terrible for Ireland in the downfall of all its hopes—as no historian could ever hope to reconstruct it. What wonder, since Mr. Healy was the chief protagonist of that drama and his name has become a legend that these volumes would seem to hope, as part of their main purpose, to correct.

For Ireland forgave Parnell before he was cold in the grave, and Mr. Healy has never forgiven him and will never forgive him—an obduracy which, if it has not to a large extent prevented his illogical fellow-countrymen from giving to him the great credit which is his due, has certainly prevented them from taking him to their hearts as they have taken the dead chief. It is doubtful if at any time a statue will be erected to Mr. Healy's memory, a fact which might give the philosopher pause and confound the moralist. For there is no doubt as to Mr. Healy's ability, probity and selflessness, or as to Parnell's ignorance—one may even say dishonesty—and goodness knows what other moral failings besides: in addition, Mr. Healy has served his country, to the best of his ability, with utter self-abnegation, and Parnell was undoubtedly willing to sell her for a woman. Yet to the one monuments have been raised and songs sung, and the other, where he has not been directly insulted, has been offered only the slightest meed of thanks.

That he has filled the post of first Governor-General of the Free State has clearly not eased for Mr. Healy the stab of a country's inconsistency and ingratitude; and it is as clear that he cannot understand it at all. The truth is—though it would be bootless to point it out to him, for he is an eminently social creature to whom individualism is almost sin—that genius covers a multitude of sins. The truth also is that he knew too much, was too wise and social-minded to be a leader. He was not in his day so much an Irish Cromwell as a rebel Burke, a fiery Asquith: in the end he became so much of a constitutionalist that he valued Gladstone's sympa-

thies for Ireland more than Parnell's contempt for England, and he has lived long enough to see that it was Irish contempt, in the shape of abstentionist Sinn Féin, that won the day. An English wit said of him that he once belonged to a party of seventy but that he turned the other sixty-nine out in the cold. It may serve to sum up the fiery soul that wrote these reminiscences. He was not the man to lead and he could not serve. He could overthrow Parnell but he could not replace him.

The volumes are well illustrated and indexed. As a contemporary, if highly personal, record of a stirring period of history, they will be constantly referred to by historians. They are not for historians alone, however, these most human documents, for they are replete with good stories and sparkle with the writer's vital personality. One puts them aside with a sigh of desire—what a man, one thinks, for that after-dinner hour over the coffee and cigars!

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

An Uncommon Editor

The Collected Papers of Henry Bradley. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

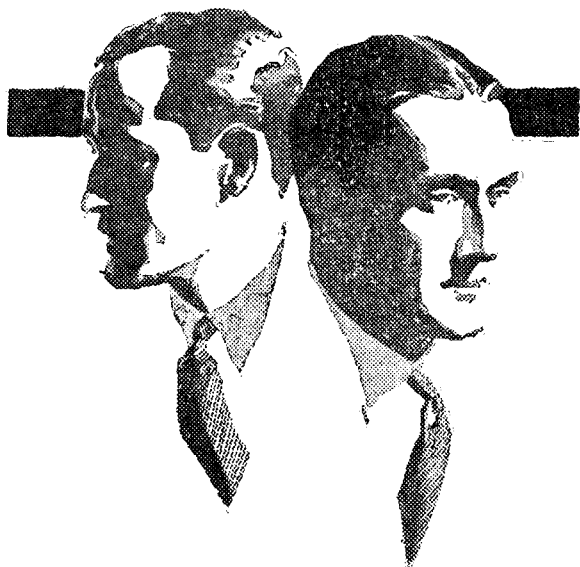
THIS sumptuous volume contains the literary remains of Henry Bradley, second of the great editors of the Oxford English Dictionary and throughout his lifetime one of the recognized leaders in the world of philological research. They have been brought together under the direction of a committee of his friends and associates, one of whom, Robert Bridges, has written a prefatory memoir invested with much charm and affection. The book will stand as a memorial to one of that worthy generation of scholars which included, in England, Furnivall, Fleay, Dyce, and Murray—a high company which actually sponsored the establishment of literary scholarship and historical research. Of that company Bradley was one of the most generous and patient workers. Humility and an ardent devotion to his complicated tasks characterized his activity always; in his association with fellow-workers his forceful personality made itself manifest in terms of rigorous direction and sympathetic collaboration, and through an able exercise of his administrative gifts the great dictionary was guided through its difficult middle years and brought to a triumphant conclusion in the hands of his successors.

Dr. Murray, editor of the first volumes of the enormous compendium, discovered the genius of Bradley in a review of the opening instalment which appeared in the Academy of 1883. The insight and trenchant comment of that paper revealed the unusual genius of the young scholar. Born in Manchester in 1845, he had grown up with a genuine consciousness of English speech-ways and dialects. His schooling at Chesterfield and Sheffield was followed by continental travels and rambles among the English counties, all of which whetted his interest in philological phenomena, and by the time he settled in London in the early eighties, he had developed his natural bent to such an extent that he was able to impress Murray unforgettably and so win his place at Oxford. His long life there—up to his death in May, 1923—was spent in quiet, arduous labors. He took on the mantle of Murray with dignity and grace, and transferred to his successor, Sir William Craigie, a vast equipment and a background rich in associations and methods. His interest in language and dialect never flagged. He did not produce, like so many scholars, informal essays and sketches, but a considerable body of researches on linguistics and literary problems. The student will find in these papers an edifying example of

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sane, patient study. An astonishing background of cultural and historical relations is used for investigations on place-names, lexicography and language, while in the section of Literary Problems and Studies may be found several short articles which opened up new vistas in our knowledge of early English literature. On Thomas Usk's Testament of Love, the mystery of John But, Boewulf, and the Exeter book he cast remarkable light. In his papers on slang, spelling and spoken and written English, our contemporary rambblers in those bewildering fields will find several much-needed guideposts and a few classical canons of direction.

Unlike many memorial volumes, this one presents a complete survey of a distinguished scholar's work. The intimate humor and homely charm revealed in the few letters which are shown in facsimile make us hope that in time a collection of these will be published.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Actresses and Diners Out

The World I Saw, by Anne Shannon Monroe. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. \$2.50.

THIS is a charming, healthy and exceedingly clever book. The great simplicity which presides over it is a rare thing nowadays, when literature has become almost as complicated as life itself, and when writers seem to be seeking only the sensational, especially from the psychological point of view.

In this sketch of her early years and struggles after fame, Anne Shannon Monroe shows herself to be among the few who have really seen the world, not merely looked at it. The title she has chosen is singularly happy, inasmuch as it enlightens us at once as to her own personality as well as her powers of observation. The entire volume is made up of observations, some of them funny, others tragic, but all of them absolutely real. In fact it would have been impossible to write in the way she writes if the things she describes to us were not literally and absolutely true. Anne Shannon Monroe can certainly not be classified among those who, to use the famous words of Alfred de Musset, have allowed the book which they had not read to drop out of their hands.

The opening chapters describing existence in the far West are particularly delightful, and every person to whom she introduces us is a living being whom we watch talk and move, become pathetic or ridiculous. We see life as it was lived in those wild spots of the earth before motors and airplanes had brought them civilization. But then was it really civilization that they did bring them, and was Yakima not a far pleasanter place to live in in the days of Anne Shannon Monroe's childhood than it is today?

And later on, what delightful episodes we come upon in this fascinating volume! There is, for instance, the incident of the acquisition of an evening gown, with its attendant miseries; there are descriptions of early efforts to sell stories to editors who did not want them; there are impressions of New York and Chicago; the intensely human picture of the old actress refusing to sell her opinions or her platform talent, and so poor that she could not heat her room, save by burning twists of newspaper; the thrilling, because so pathetic, page about Christmas Eve, with its remembrances of earlier days, and the picture of the gorgeously dressed diners enjoying themselves in a fashionable restaurant, while the aged star of former times watches them through a window rimmed with frost, and then bursts out, "I'd better have roasted the mutton!"

CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ.

Inside the Hospital

The Soul of the Hospital, by Edward E. Garesché, S.J.
Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Company. \$1.50.

THERE are two notable discoveries in this book, one that the hospital has a soul, the other that the patient has a mind. And while the book is largely preoccupied with the first, the second is not less important, and is given proper emphasis in its relation to the first. There is another new emphasis in the book, namely on the fact that doctors and nurses have minds, and they require cultivation. The hospital as building and equipment, and the professional services as merely highly technical services, find their significance in the larger concept of a hospital with a soul and of personnel with a mind, serving a patient with body, mind and soul.

There runs through the book a sustained plea for the therapeutic value of the intelligent use of good books, for good pictures, and generally, for beauty in the hospital. Father Garesché pleads, too, for a hospital apostolate. The general responsibility placed on the personnel, particularly the nurses, would require a paragon of perfection, the broadest culture, almost infinite wisdom—and certainly infinite tact. In any case, the point is worth presenting, even if difficult of achievement. And there is one quality which Father Garesché urges as likely to be very useful in convalescence, if you enjoy being read to: "In the hospital of the future, no doubt, the nurses will be trained to be good readers, with pleasant, well modulated voices and the power of intelligent interpretation."

The book is intended primarily for doctors and nurses, and particularly, I presume, for the boards of trustees and the superintendents of hospitals. They certainly should read it.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

A Classic Tragedienne

Rachel, by James Agate. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.00.

RACHEL is one of a series of biographies being presented by a group of English writers under the editorship of Francis Birrell. These books purport to be "illuminating, bright and informative essays," and the present small volume by James Agate has effectively fulfilled that promise.

Rachel was a curiously contradictory genius. She would have none of the Romantic drama but set resolutely about reviving French classical tragedy. And revive it she did, with such power that classic acting became almost a new art, but an art so complete and perfect in itself that no opening was left for a successor. The surprising thing about it is that, after eleven years of Racine and Corneille, she never learned to speak correct French, and at one time early in her career confessed that she knew nothing of any piece except her cues and her own lines. Yet not only was she a great tragedienne, but her diction on the stage was perfect.

A great deal of space is devoted to her many love affairs, because, the author explains, "that side of life constituted by far the largest part of Rachel's existence." In her relations with the unpleasant and despicable Véron, this eccentric actress exhibits a strange guttersnipe quality. However much her admirers may attempt to condone this affair one can hardly call it anything less than a kink in her character that caused her to resume her connection with him after he had served her love letters to his guests for dessert.

One cannot respect Rachel, the woman, though one cannot but admire Rachel, the artist. Yet one does pity her. She

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is at times cruel, vulgar, calculating, rapacious; she is always parsimonious. Her early economic and social position fostered these traits, for her father, a somewhat brutal but shrewd itinerant Jewish peddler, lost no opportunity to exploit his daughter's genius. Yet she never failed in loyalty and affection to her family. She died at thirty-six, frustrated, utterly miserable and disillusioned—a tragedienne to the last.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

A Study in Contrasts

Black and White, by Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. New York: Joseph F. Wagner, Incorporated. \$2.00.

AS THE demand for a popular Catholic fiction—for novels which are at once wholesome and interesting and well told—will scarcely grow less with the great increase in our reading public of all ages, such a work as *Black and White* should not have to sue for recognition. The background of the story is our American southland, although it touches at a good many other ports with the shifting of war and big business, and its chief concern is the devotion of a highly idealistic sister for her all too realistic brother. In the end the man wipes away the stains of egotism and materialism by his heroic death in France; while Biddy finds, as a Catholic nun, a larger world to watch over and serve.

Father Chetwood writes in a graceful, spirited style. Most of his episodes are so full of verisimilitude that one rather hesitates to raise the question whether any modern young woman in normal health actually faints at a brother's frown, however ferocious. Certainly more convincing is the imaginative introduction of two never wholly explicable characters—symbols, black and white angels, who shall say?—somewhat in the manner of Christopher Morley's *Thunder on the Left*, but rather with the intention of the old morality plays.

There is no doubt at all that Father Chetwood's novel fills a distinct need for Catholic libraries, and for the general reader in search of simplicity rather than sophistication.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

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